

DOWN UNDER IS IN

THE Tatler

& Bystander

2s. weekly

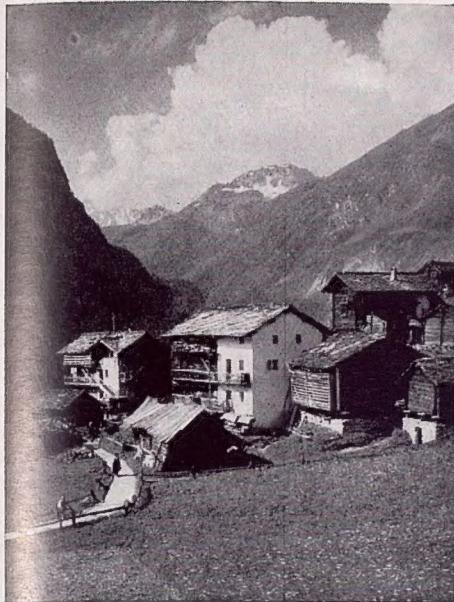
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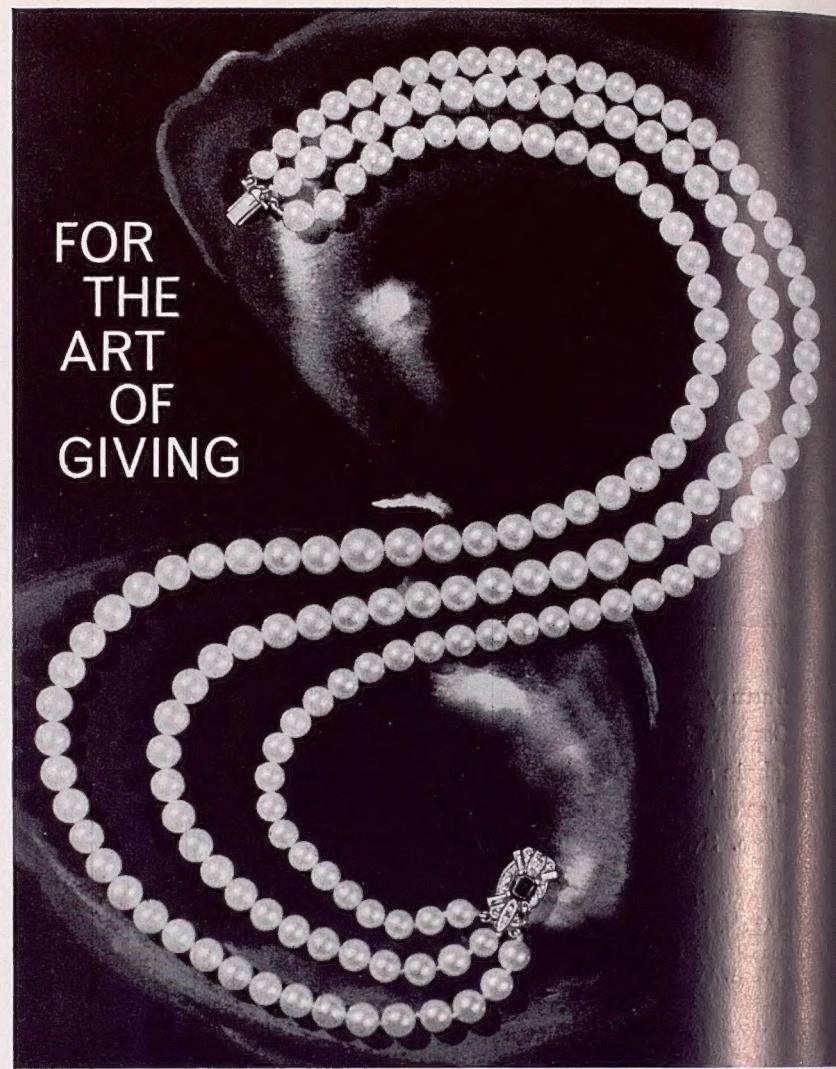
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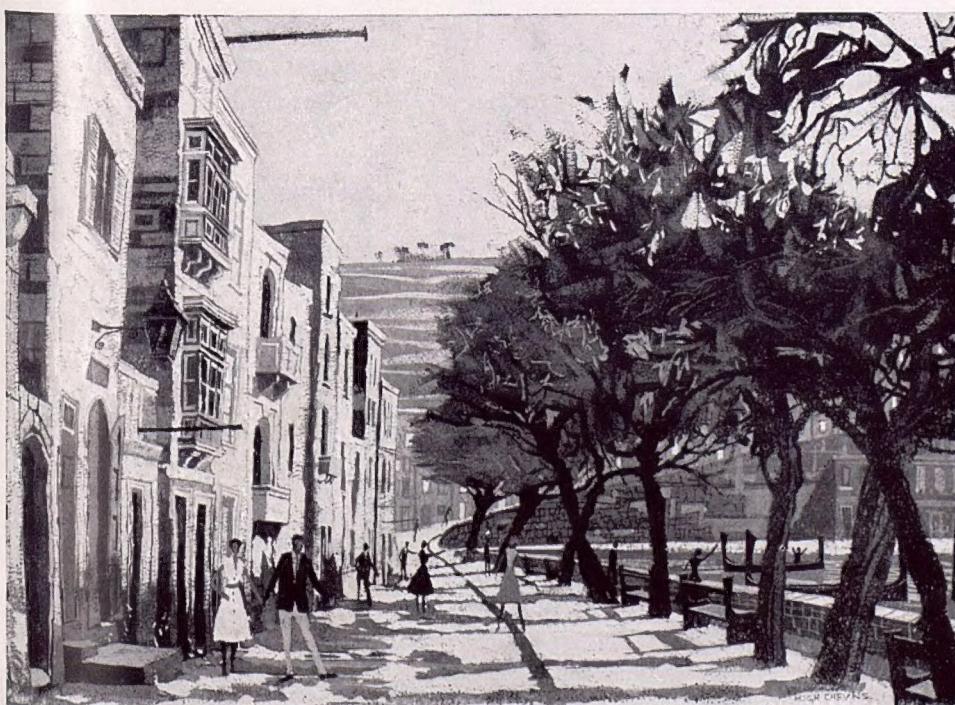
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THE Tatler

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Volume CCXXXVII Number 3081

14 SEPTEMBER 1960

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HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH WINE?



It's a week for watching the sands of summer run out and JOHN COLE photographed this girl in the act. But wherever did she find that warm glow that lingers on her face? Still, there have been some lovely summer days and The last rays of summer (page 484) captures the last moments of some of them

CONTINUING ITS policy of widening the range of its subjects, THE TATLER announces another regular newcomer: wine.

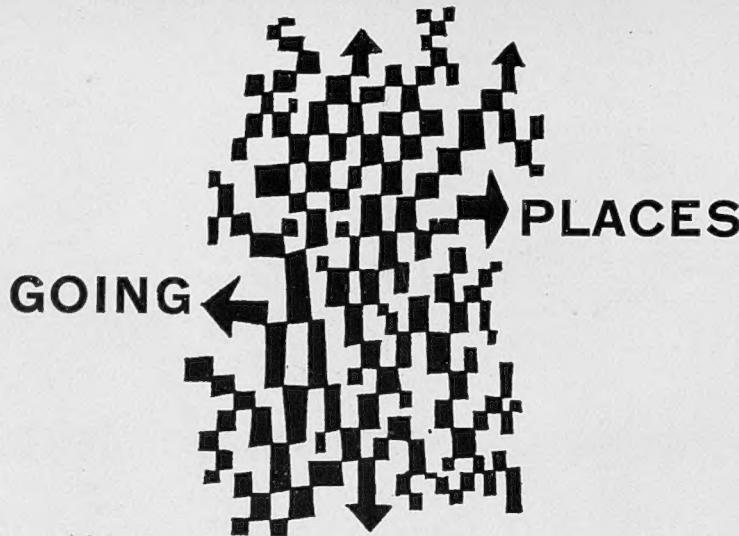
John Baker White will be the writer, and he has views about wine-writing. He thinks, and THE TATLER agrees with him, that wine can be taken too seriously and that only a wine snob can be so interested in it as to want to read about it every week. There just isn't that much happening in wine. Mr. Baker White will limit himself to adding a Wine Note to his list of recommended restaurants whenever he has news of wines to buy in, or wines worth ordering when eating out. This service will complement the regular recipes by Helen Burke, the night-spot reports by Douglas Sutherland, and Mr. Baker White's own *Going Places to Eat* (page 470 this week). His first Wine Note will appear shortly. . . .

In this issue a wry salute is given to the change of season. It may not have been what foreigners would call a summer but when it's all you've got you can't help being sorry to see it go. The *Last rays of summer* is a set of charming photographs taken in the fading sunshine of an English evening (page 484). . . . No connection, except perhaps upside-down weather here and upside-down seasons there, but the next feature is about Australia. It may not have struck you but suddenly *Down Under is on the up*. Just about the smartest nationality you can have in Britain now is Australian. For an illustrated report on this surprising situation turn to page 490. Murray Sayle, a young Australian whose first novel, *The Crooked Sixpence*, was published last week, describes the change as he finds it in London. . . . Claud Cockburn is another contributor this week, but it's not often anyone can describe what his article is about and this week's piece underlines the point (page 483). . . .

Muriel Bowen winds up her social safari in Scotland and the north with a report of some more of the functions she attended (page 477 onwards). Johnathon Radcliffe also has some social comment in his new *Man's World* column, which this week is about clothes for shooting (page 516).

Next week:

The Autumn Fashion number. . . .

**SOCIAL**

A Ball at Dunster Castle (by permission of Mrs. Geoffrey Luttrell), 16 September, in aid of the Order of St. John in Somerset. Tickets: £2 10s. from the Hon. Secretary, St. John House, Park St., Taunton.

Camberley, Staff College & R.M.A. Sandhurst Horse Show, 17 September.

Dior Winter Collection Showing and champagne supper, Scone Palace, Perth, in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. 7.30 p.m., 19 September. Tickets: 4 gns. from the Countess of Mansfield, Scone Palace.

First Perth Hunt Ball, 20 September. **Second Perth Hunt Ball**, 22 September.

Exhibition of Floral Arrangements, 2 to 6.30 p.m., 30 September & 1 October, Royal Hospital & Home for Incurables, Putney.

Horse of the Year Show, Wembley, 4 to 8 October.

SPORT & SHOWS

Athletics: British Empire & Commonwealth v. U.S.A., White City, today.

Golf: Home Amateur International Matches, Turnberry, Ayrshire; to 16 September; Scarborough Open Golf Week, to 17 September; Dunlop Masters Tournament, Sunningdale, 16, 17 September.

Horse Trials: Dunster Castle, Somerset, 17 September.

Sailing: Scottish Hornet Championship, Loch Earn, Perthshire, 17, 18 September.

Sand Yachting: Fylde "Flying Mile," & Regattas, Lytham St. Anne's, 17 September to 9 October.

Stock Exchange London-Brighton Walk, 17 September.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *The Ring*, 16, 21, 26, 30 September (first 7.30 p.m., rest 6 p.m.). (cov 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall. Last performance of Festival Ballet, 8 p.m.,

17 September; Anna Russell with London Symphony Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 18 September; Leningrad Symphony Orchestra, 8 p.m., 20, 21, 23 September; Italian opera (in costume), *La Serva Padrona*, & *Le Cantatrici Villane*, 27 September; *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, 28 September, 8 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

Royal Albert Hall. Last performance of Promenade concerts, 7.30 p.m., 17 September. Conductors, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron; soloists, Constance Shacklock, Gina Bachauer. (KEN 8212.)

ART

Picasso Exhibition (retrospective), Tate Gallery, to 18 September.

James McNeill Whistler (paintings & other works), Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 24 September.

Salvador Dali Exhibition, Sotheby's, New Bond St., W.1., opens today.

French & English Paintings, Redfern Gallery, Cork Street, W.1, to 30 September.

EXHIBITION & FAIRS

British Food Fair, Olympia, to 17 September.

British Book Production Exhibition, National Book League, Albemarle St., to 24 September.

International Salon Of Photography, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 1 October.

"**Idea & Illusion**," photographic exhibition, the Painted Hall, R.N.C., Greenwich, to 21 September (ex. tomorrow.)

Spanish Armour, Tower of London, to 25 September.

GARDENS

Brill House, Bucks, 2-7 p.m., 18 September.

Fulvens Farm, Abinger Hammer, Surrey, 2-7 p.m., 18 September.

Lamport Hall, near Northampton, 2-7 p.m., 18 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royal Court Theatre. *The Happy Haven*, tonight.

Lyric, Hammersmith. *An Italian Straw Hat*, 15 September.

Adelphi Theatre. *Once Upon A Mattress*, 20 September.

Vaudeville Theatre. *Horses In Mid-stream*, 22 September.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 505.

The Seagull. ". . . a delightful production. . . I do not recall ever getting a more satisfying impression of what the play is really about." Judith Anderson, Ann Bell, Tom Courtenay, Tony Britton. (Old Vic, WAT 7616.)

FILMS

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 506.

Come Dance With Me. "Mlle. Brigitte Bardot, fully clad and maturing prettily, turns amateur detective." Brigitte Bardot, Dawn Addams. (Berkeley, MUS 8150.)

Gottlob Frick (left) and **Graziella Sciuti** will be singing in the two nights of Italian opera at the Royal Festival Hall on 27 & 28 September. Here with conductor Carlo-Maria Giulini they listened to a playback of their recordings from *Don Giovanni*



ERICH AUERBACH

**GOING PLACES TO EAT**

John Baker White

food alone you can eat well for 12s. 6d. **W.B.**

The Marquis, Mount Street. (GRO 1256.) **C.S.** Here director Fiori has created an elegant atmosphere with a skilful combination of brown velvet banquets, dark green curtains, and polished wood tables and walls. The cooking is basically Italian, and the *artichokes vinaigrette* are particularly good. There is a full licence with wine by the glass or bottle. Quick and friendly service. **W.B.**

The Gore, 189 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. (KNI 4222.) Restaurant open on Sundays. The French country pattern wallpaper in shades of blue sets off the long blue linen curtains, and a fine and unusual mirror. I do not think that Brillat-Savarin would have quarrelled with the food, especially the Sole Gore, and certainly not with the wine list—one of the largest and finest I have seen. There are also sound wines by the glass from the barrel. **W.B.**

Grinzinger Stuberl, 39 Albemarle Street, W.1. (HYD 9776.) **C.S.** If you wish to read your evening paper in solitude, this should not be your choice. But if you have a cheerful companion or companions, like rich

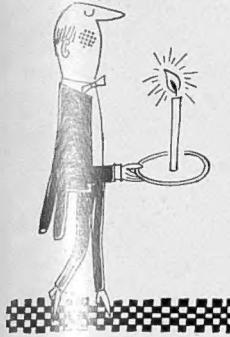
Viennese food and the music that goes with it, it should. You can imagine for an hour or so that you are closer to the Danube than the Thames. For those interested in unusual wines the dry Austrians are worth trying. W.B.

Delights in Dover

Dover, White Cliffs Hotel, Waterloo Crescent. (Dover 633.) Dover, which handles more passengers than any other port in the world, is cosmopolitan, lively and cheerful.

So is this restaurant and its staff. The food is well-cooked, and designed to suit overseas as well as home taste. The cellar is well-found and the prices reasonable.

No visit to Dover is now complete without having a morning coffee or tea in the new café on the end of the Prince of Wales Pier. From it you can watch the packet-boats passing within a few yards of your table. A splendid position for photographers and ship-watchers to take up. W.B.



GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas

Sutherland

TO ANYONE STRUGGLING ALONG Piccadilly in the rush hour the socialites' cry that London is "but absolutely empty, my dear" may fall strangely on the ear. But there is a certain truth in it from the point of view of the plushier night-clubs and restaurants. Many of their regular customers find themselves (slightly, one suspects, to their surprise) crouching in booths on remote sides, or struggling perilously in raders in pursuit of the autumn run of salmon. The effect on London clubs is erratic. I found Bertie Meadows singularly undisturbed by the exodus. His 21 Club is doing brisk business, possibly on account of the excellent fishing he offers his guests in the ornamental gardens behind the imposing façade in Chesterfield Gardens off Curzon Street. Here guests can net their own half-pound rainbow trout and have them cooked immediately in the restaurant. Paddy O'Brien, the general manager, and emigré from the perils of night life in western Ireland (of which more later), showed me the newly decorated bedrooms for the use of members above the club premises. They are certainly sumptuous and are in eager demand by out-of-town members at prices up to £8 8s. a day excluding breakfast.

As a rich man's club, however, the prices are not as exorbitant as one might expect. It is a favourite businessman's rendezvous for luncheon and in the evening dinner and dancing to Charles Ross's orchestra works out at about 50s. a head if you keep off the caviare and *foie gras*. Incidentally, I particularly recommend the *canneloni* and the *scampi*, cooked by the two Italian chefs, Angelo and Mario. I deplore, however, the habit of not pricing individual dishes in the menu. It drives non-expenses ac-

count diners like myself to an unnecessary state of nervous apprehension before the bill arrives. When it did, however, my relief at being able to pay it induced me to indulge in some excellent Hine 1928 brandy.

While in Chesterfield Gardens I must mention that right opposite the end is author Wolf Mankowitz's new venture, the White Elephant. Reopened in what were the premises of the old Wardroom Club, it is an immensely successful late-night restaurant with a strong theatrical flavour. I shall be writing more about this club and other worthwhile club-restaurants later.

For the late-night reveller who in pursuit of seasonal fauna finds himself far from his usual haunts, I can offer a warning of what awaits him if he happens to be heading as far afield as Eire. There (as colleague Claud Cockburn described two weeks ago) a new government decree has altered the licensing hours. It has, in the words of an hotelkeeper in remote Donegal, killed night-life stone dead. On the face of it one would imagine that the decision to allow all pubs to stay open until 11.30 p.m. instead of, as previously, 10 p.m. in the winter and 10.30 p.m. in the summer, was a benign and enlightened one. It means, in fact, legal drinking from 10 a.m. with the exception of "holy hour" from 2.30-3.30 p.m. when you are either locked in or out depending on which side of the door you happen to be at the time. But in the country districts the new legislation has spelt disaster, for the Civil Guard have orders to enforce the law strictly.

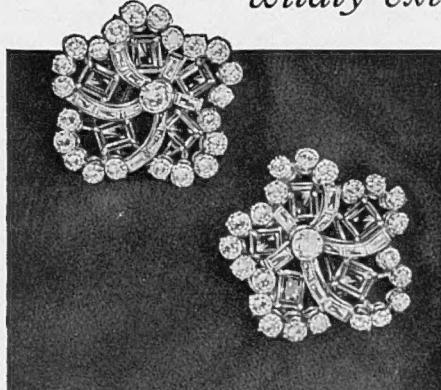
"In the old days the poor traveller could get a drink anywhere up to two in the morning," my hotelkeeper friend complains. "Nowadays there's not a cat moving in Letterkenny by midnight."



ROOD

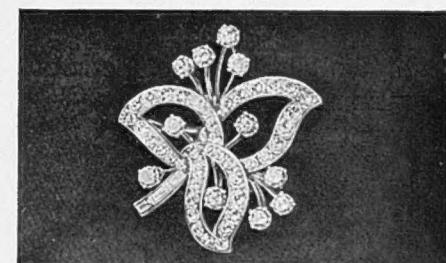
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The beach at Praiano, near Positano



GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

Peace on a peninsula

ONLY a blind faith in Italian drivers allowed me to ignore the competing scream of brakes as we cut round one corner after another on the corniche road that circles the Amalfi peninsula. Going westward, a turning just before Amalfi winds still higher, up to the hill town of Ravello. Its 13th-century church, with glorious Byzantine mosaic and triptych, is the first lure. The other pride of the village is the gardens of the Villa Rufolo, which inspired Wagner with Parsifal's *Home of the Flower Maidens*—not surprisingly. Profligate with bougainvillaea, trumpeting petunias and trailing violet moonflowers, they command one of the most spectacular views along this most beautiful of coasts. From such a height, the wake of a motor boat is a white meteor in the dark silli waters below; the mountains drop into the sea like a series of gigantic elephants' feet, wrinkled sage, grey and lavender by the olive terraces.

From these gardens, I spotted one hotel I liked the look of: the modern, white Albergo Rufolo perched on the hillside, overlooking the same view. But better was to come. My driver urged me to go still higher beyond the village, to the Hotel Caruso Belvedere. This is a cool, marbled old mansion whose outbuildings are linked by a series of

terraces and cloistered patios. A long harbour—indeed, a Bacchanalian paradise slung with white and purple grapes—leads on to the blinding parchment stone of a paved garden, high over the ravine. Signor Paolo Caruso, the owner, bottles his own Grand Caruso wine here—which, he told me with great pride, is even exported to the States. One dines on yet another terrace, also vine-covered, looking over the bay. If peace, quiet and supreme beauty, rather than beach and café life are the objective, I commend this hotel more than most. Rates are around 4,000 lira each for double room and private bath, full pension.

Amalfi, a ten-minute descent from Ravello's hill, seemed hot and plebeian by comparison (though I must add that my visit was in mid-August). But its harbour and yacht basin are gay, and I had a good lunch at the Marinella, with the water lapping the terrace, and the persuasive strains of San-ta Lu-cia coming from a three-piece itinerant band. Along the whole of this coast the sand is dark, cindery and volcanic. The best swimming is from the rocks, which is what led me to the Santa Caterina hotel, five minutes' drive along the corniche. Bigger, and rather more traditionally a resort hotel than the one in Ravello, it is first class,

comfortable and well run. There is a lift down to the sea, or one can walk through the terraces of orange, lemon, olives and vines. Choose, when you get there, between a swimming pool or the sea itself. There is a bar, changing rooms, umbrellas and chairs. It nearly broke my heart to leave it. High season rates go up to 4,900 lira each for double room and private bath, full pension. Another good hotel, just along the coast at Praiano, is the Tritone. It is modern and beautifully decorated, built in the same way down the rock face. But it has no lift, and I can only commend the climb back up again to the hardy.

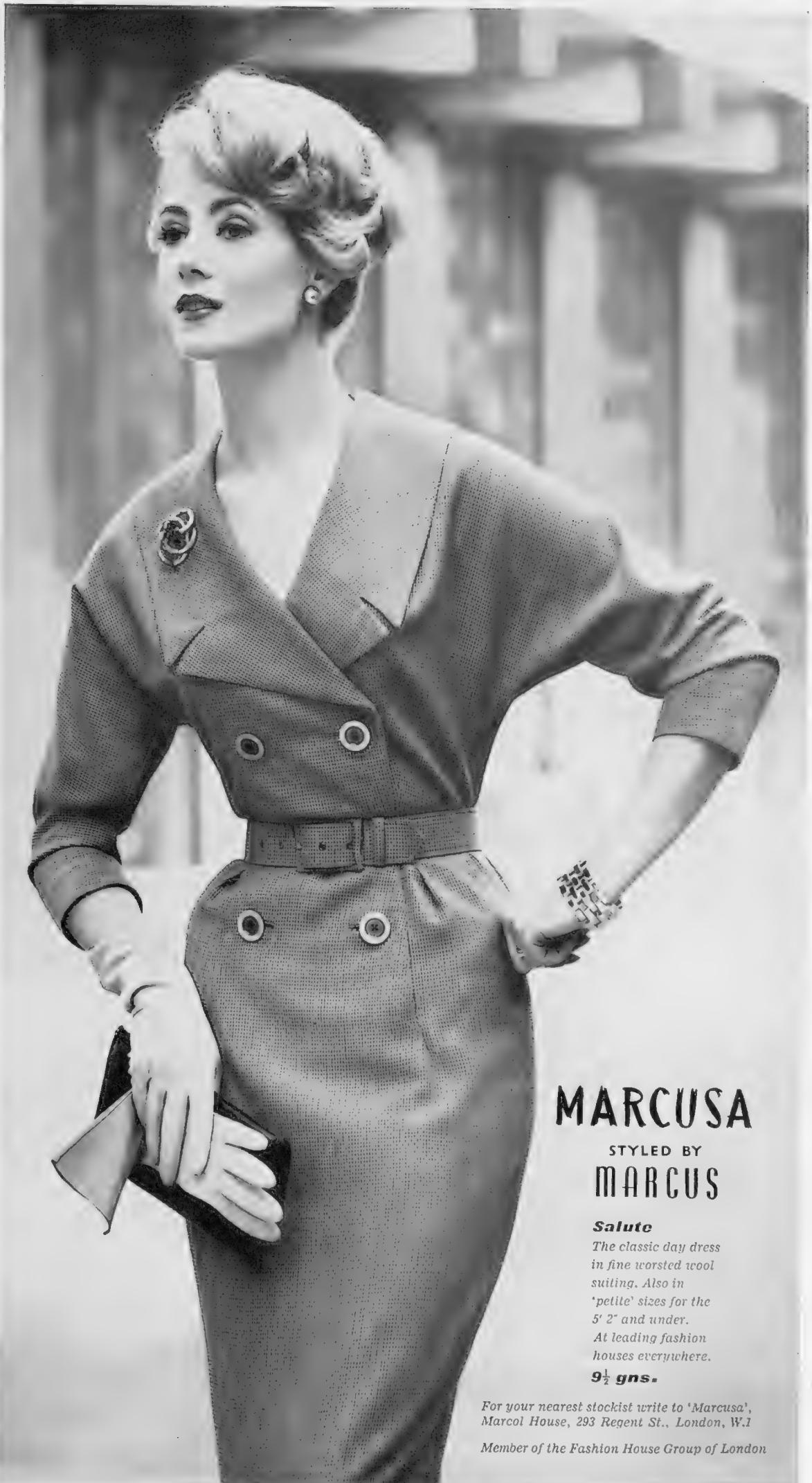
And so, with an apricot sunset already smoking in the sky, on to Positano. This is a stage-set for a Mediterranean village that for some years has competed hotly with Capri, Porto Fino and Ischia for that elusive chic which derives from vagabond intellectuals, painters, writers and pretty women being overcrowded in a small space. As the locals are delighted to tell you, Positano can never get spoiled through being expanded. No new buildings—even if there were room for them—may be built outside the traditional pattern: pink and ochre variations on white with flat roofs and high, round porticos. Dressed, equally traditionally, in brilliant silk shirts and matching shorts, people sit thigh-to-thigh in the little bars. One could shop for hours in the boutiques (I definitely commend buying on-the-spot)—get shoes and sandals made-to-measure in a day. The way of life there, too, runs to a pattern: long, late mornings with a rowing boat in one of the nearby rocky coves, lunch at three. Evenings spent in the bars and the villas run into the small hours. And nobody ever hurries. Because on the steep series of steps on which the whole town is built, you can't.

I had a long conversation with the Mayor of Positano, the Marquis

Paolo Sersale, sitting on the roof of his hotel, the Syrenuse. Owing to the fact that it was an Allied rest camp towards the end of the war, the Positanese became early accustomed to northern tastes and the result is that even in the smallest hotels and pensions one can nearly always count on a private bath or shower, he told me. It means fewer beds, but more comfort for the lucky ones (a policy one could wish more resorts adopted). His own hotel, charmingly decorated, looked comfortable indeed. The other first class ones are the Poseidon, the Miramare and the Savoia. Not even the Italians are prepared to commit themselves about the weather any more. The general impression I got was that, outside the main summer season, the Amalfi area is good through October, in December, and from April onwards. The nearest airport is Naples (BEA and Alitalia).

The Amalfi coast, from Ravello





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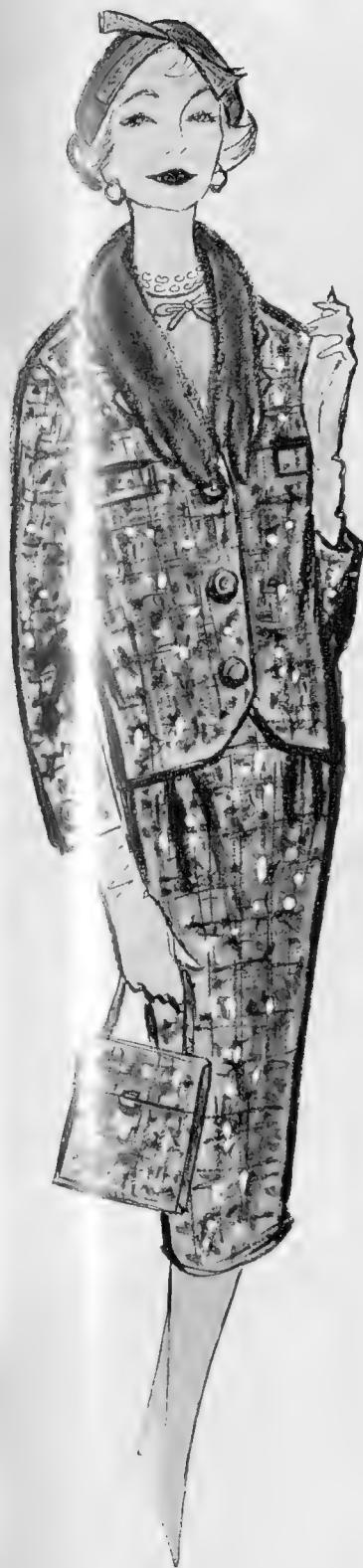
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WALTER BIRD

Miss Caroline Susan Ives to Mr. Patrick Hugh Chapman. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John B. Ives, of West Wittering, Sussex. He is the son of Capt. A. C. Chapman, C.B.E., R.N. (retd.), & Mrs. Chapman, of Deal

Engagements



FAYER

Miss Mary Elizabeth Forbes-Leith to Capt. James Gresley McGowan, 15/19 King's Royal Hussars. She is the younger daughter of Sir Ian & Lady Forbes-Leith of Fyvie. He is the only son of Capt. & Mrs. William McGowan, of Kingston St. Mary, Somerset



Powell—Lewis (left): Julia Claire, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Tom Powell, The Manor House, Old Bosham, Sussex, married Major Stanley Douglas Lewis, R.E., younger son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. S. K. Lewis, of Hove, at Holy Trinity, Old Bosham

Weddings



Rutherford—Boys-Stones: Judith Ann, elder daughter of Dr. & Mrs. R. Rutherford, of Langley Park, Durham, married Paul Richard, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. R. Boys-Stones, of Wylam, Northumberland, at St. Michael's, Esh



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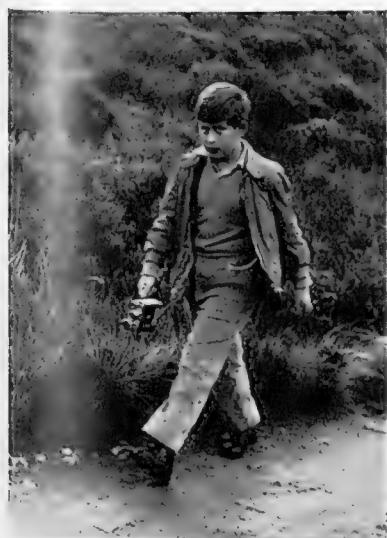


THE TATLER & BYSTANDER 14 SEPTEMBER 1960

Meetings on the moors



When the Black Watch marched across the moors to be inspected by the Queen Mother, it was a Review in the rain



The men were in capes and the Royal Family in coats for a day of drizzle. The Queen Mother, who is colonel-in-chief of the regiment, watched them en route (above) with Lt.-Col. M. P. Stormonth Darling at Black Hill, then inspected the parade and took the salute at Birkhall. The Prince of Wales (far left) was hovering with his cine-camera along the route and took frequent shots of the men, who are Territorials of the 4th/5th Battalion. They marched about 30 miles from Cortachy. Princess Anne (left) was also busy with her camera. For a fuller account of the Queen Mother's activities in Scotland and for news of other meetings on the moors turn to Muriel Bowen's report overleaf

MEETINGS ON THE MOORS *continued*

The Queen picnics, the P.M. plays golf

THOSE who went to the sun spots are back at their desks—but those who went to Scotland are still there, body and soul. They include, as I write: **The Queen** and her entire family, the **Prime Minister & Lady Dorothy Macmillan**, and the Foreign Secretary, the **Earl of Home**, and his family. The appeal is understandable. The moors—unpopulated but for the grouse—the expanse of purple heather, and the ripple of the mountain streams, quicken the emotion in a way that never grows old even after years of acquaintance.

The Queen has been out deer-stalking at Balmoral. The grouse she leaves to **Prince Philip** and the men in the house party, joining them only for the picnic lunch. But when it comes to thinning the Balmoral herd the Queen is often among the guns. Her father initiated her into the art of stalking, and last year she shot five of the best 30-odd deer in Scotland. The **Queen Mother** too is joining in the Scottish season. During weekends at Windsor she likes nothing better than putting her feet up with a good book, but in Scotland she scarcely sits still. Her visit to the Castle of Mey was a

crowded few days of seeing old friends, and surveying the castle and grounds to note changes since her last visit.

Now at Birkhall she's been out with rod and line—indeed she is almost as keen on salmon-fishing as she is on steeplechasing. There has been a succession of old friends to stay—so many in fact that the extensions to the house don't provide enough accommodation. So the younger guests sleep in caravans in the grounds. **Viscountess Head** (Lady Dorothea Head that was) and the **Marchioness of Salisbury** have been among the Birkhall visitors. Lady Head is shortly off to Lagos where her husband is to be the first British High Commissioner in Nigeria.

The Queen Mother has had many compliments on the garden from her guests. She has changed it from a rough and rather unkempt piece of ground, sloping down to a lake, to a garden of great charm. The most charming touch at Birkhall, though, must be the apple trees ringed with white heather. There is an old Scottish legend which says that white heather round fruit trees makes them more fruitful. So the Queen Mother asked her head gardener to plant a circle of white heather round each of her apple trees.

Before staying with the Queen and Prince Philip at Balmoral, the Prime Minister & Lady Dorothy were at Gleneagles Hotel in Perthshire. What the Prime Minister hoped would be a few days of quiet was interrupted on the morning of his arrival by Mr. K's announcement that he would go to the meeting of the General Assembly of the U.N. in New York.

Even so, the Macmillans got in a couple of games of golf, and some sightseeing trips in the new family Vauxhall—a recent replacement of its predecessor.

Because of the international situation, the Prime Minister's visit had a special interest for American guests at the hotel and at times the "shutterbugs" were almost as numerous as the grouse. Being half-American, Mr. Macmillan understands that sort of thing, and to the Americans' delight he posed for them. But not, I might add, without a very English preliminary inquiry whether they were, in fact, trying to take him!

AT HOME WITH THE HOMES

Driving south, I called on the **Countess of Home** at the family shooting box in Lanarkshire. She's a pleasant, capable woman who enjoys coping with a horde of people (she had 16 staying in the house) even though, like most women nowadays, she relies mostly on casual domestic help. I'm sure she's going to enjoy her new duties as wife of the Foreign Secretary.

"I shall be going with my husband on any long trips that he makes abroad," she told me. "In that way my life will be no different to what it was when he was at the Commonwealth Relations Office. Though I expect I shall be doing more entertaining—there are more countries, aren't there?"

Virtually all their entertaining will be done at Dorneywood, just as it was when Lord Home was Secretary for Commonwealth Relations. This is the delightful country house in Buckinghamshire (with a complete domestic staff!) which is at the disposal of the Prime Minister for a Minister of the Crown.

Except for the few weeks in the late summer and at Christmas when they're in Scotland, the Homes spend all their weekends at Dorneywood. "The people from the Commonwealth used to love coming down there—it got them away from the official atmosphere in London," Lady Home told me. "Lord Home likes it too. It gives him an opportunity of going for long walks—he loves walking."

It's a long time since we had a Foreign Secretary with four children in their late teens and early twenties. Two of the girls, **Lady Meriel** (she's studying painting at the City & Guilds School in Kennington) and **Lady Diana Douglas-Home** (who wants eventually to take a job, but "nothing staid and settled" according to her mother), recently went on a study-cum-sightseeing tour of Italy for six weeks with seven young friends. They love travelling, Lady Home told me. So the Foreign Secretary's reading of dispatches from foreign parts will doubtless no longer be confined to turgid documents from embassies.

The Homes' only boy, **Lord Dunglass**—16½ and six-foot-two—is at Eton, where his grandfather, the late Very Rev. C. A. Alington, was Headmaster before becoming Durham's distinguished Dean back in the 1930s. **Lady Caroline**, the eldest girl, took her examinations in estate management after a correspondence course and now runs The Hirsle, the family's Berwickshire estate. She's a keen fisherwoman and one day this season landed 20 salmon.

"That's better than any of us could do except my husband," Lady Home told me. "I think his cricket has been a bit overwritten-about—he's much more a grouse and fishing man now."

I left Lady Home thinking what fun it must be to be young in the Home household. "My children are at an age when they keep bringing their friends home without ever making sure that there are rooms enough to go round," she said, much more amused than annoyed. "So now I've got a room chart, and we're all getting sorted out."

She's got 16 to feed every day while she is on

A. V. SWAEBE



AT TURNBERRY (from left) Miss Josephine Marshall-Andrew, Mrs. A. Cockburn, Mrs. Marshall-Andrew, Mr. A. Cockburn and Lady Tate ready for a round on the Ailsa course. Top: BMC chairman Sir Leonard Lord and Lady Lord stroll in the hotel grounds



AT GLENAGLES the Prime Minister and Lady Dorothy Macmillan walk to the first green on the King's Course. Later they were to join the Hon. Gavin Astor's shooting party, then journey to Balmoral

*her holi*ys, but she was so enthusiastic about the chan
be mispr
dinner. Festival to know early wi
the chan
it makes that any sympathy would be mispr
ed. "Anyway it's not exactly 16 to
here are always four for the Edinburgh
though I'd have to look at my chart
high four tonight. I get rid of them
high tea."

Now t all the rumpus about his appointed down (at least for the parliament-
ment ha , I think it would be a splendid idea
ary rece if Lord Seeretar one were to run all this Foreign
“human usiness from Scotland. How it would
all the ’ (that’s Mr. Christian Herter’s word)
Lanark 1 er Foreign Secretaries to come to
the roon he shooting box—take pot luck with
starched hart (what a change from all those
packed d stuffy hotel suites), and then get
good Sec to the Edinburgh Festival after a
morosely sh high tea, instead of all this sitting
and beffo und a long table cooking up bigger
controversies!

WHERE IKE TEED UP

For the weekend I went to Ayrshire, where the talk centred round the coming-of-age celebrations the day before of the Earl & Countess of Glasgow's grandson, the Hon. Patrick Boyle.

"There was a great gathering of the family,"

BRIGGS by Graham



Lady Home entertains BY MURIEL BOWEN

Viscountess Kelburn, Mr. Boyle's mother, told me. "They came from all over the country, including 13 grandchildren—the first time they had all been together." The celebrations included a family dinner party at Kelburn Castle and a reception for the tenants. Mr. Boyle, who is doing his National Service in the Navy, has his eye on the movie business. He would like eventually to be a film director.

For the few days in Ayrshire I stayed at the Turnberry Hotel which had the loveliest stretch of unspoilt beach that I've ever seen in Britain. Turnberry at this time of year is essentially a family hotel. While I was there I noticed **Col. & Mrs. Jardine Paterson** and their daughter Sheila; Mr. & Mrs. **Iain Stewart** who had their four children, and Mr. & Mrs. **Peter Brough** who got an enormous send-off from the whole hotel. Others who came with their children were **Sir Frederick Wells** and his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. **A. P. Greenaway**, Mr. & Mrs. **J. M. M. Calder** and their attractive daughters, Alison and Kay, who are at finishing school in Switzerland, Mr. & Mrs. **David Ballantyne**, who had their daughter staying with them, and Mr. & Mrs. **C. D. Kenyon** and their son, Robert.

The golf course belonging to the hotel became famous overnight last year when President Eisenhower played on it. It has now made another coup: the British Amateur Championship is to be played over it next June.

STAG PARTY FOR THE BOYS

There is so much happening in Scotland. At Balnagown, which straddles Ross-shire and Inverness-shire, the grouse shooting has been the best for 10 years, the Hon. Francis Ross De Molevyns told me. The salmon, though, is not

as good as it has been in recent years. They've recently had the **Rajah of Faridkot** salmon-fishing there, and also Sir **William McNair** and his sister, **Dr. D. McNair**. Mr. & Mrs. **George Kettlewell** and Mr. & Mrs. **W. H. Lyne** were due from Leeds with a party of 22, including some American friends, for the grouse-shooting. Also on the moors were Mr. & Mrs. **H. A. Straker**, and **Lord Bolton**.

I was interested to discover several young parties out stalking. **Col. Ebenezer Pike** was up from Sussex with six of his grandsons (the sons of the Countess of Ronaldshay and the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Brett) and each boy got a stag.

Incidentally, in another couple of weeks that mammoth indispensable to the well-run house, Mrs. Beeton's treatise on *Household Management*, all jollied up and brought up to date, will be on the bookstalls. Scotland has had a hand in the jollying-up, Lady Malcolm (wife of Sir Michael) having bridged the 100 years in the Continental cookery section. "All the experimenting has brightened up my cookery considerably," Lady Malcolm told me. Mrs. Beeton's Continent didn't stretch much beyond France and Spain. But in updating this section the publishers asked Lady Malcolm to include several other countries—among them, Russia.

Lady Malcolm and her associates have been thorough in their face-lifting. Out have gone the tips on how to handle grooms and stable boys. In has gone some advice on how to keep *au pair* girls.

NOTES: Mrs. Pender Chalmers has changed the date of the cocktail party she is having at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, for her daughter Rosemary, from Wednesday, 5 October, to Monday, 3 October. . . . The picture, said to be of Count Peter Pálffy (24 August), was in fact of his nephew Count Stephen Pálffy. This was a photographer's error for which we offer regrets.

Diary of a WEDDING WEEKEND

They left from King's Cross

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM HUSTLER



by Pullman

London guests for the Northumberland wedding of Mr. Mark Allsopp and Miss Tania Eustace-Smith went north on Friday

Mrs. E. G. Fellows, the bridegroom's grandmother



The wedding was

The service was conducted by Eton housemaster the Rev. R. D. F. Wild



Mrs. Fellows, Mr. O. Van Oss, the groom (son of the late Capt. J. R. Allsopp & the late Mrs. O. Van Oss) the bride (daughter of the late Mr. J. Eustace-Smith and of Mrs. Eustace-Smith), Mr. Desmond Sarson, Mrs. Eustace-Smith, bridesmaids and pages



A Piper plane was waiting at nearby racehorse training gallops to take the couple to Southend for the cross-Channel air ferry

which ended

It's one way to avoid the usual boots & "just married" signs



Nearly 30 guests piled into the Landrover to watch the take-off. Later on, off to Thrunton for a party at Mrs. Eustace-Smith's



Then off to the Morpeth Hunt barbecue. Jiving in the rain by the bonfire: Mr. Peter Paulson and Miss Julia Thwaites



for a hunt barbecue until 1 p.m.

In the marquee near the farm-trailer bandstand: Miss April Bewicke (her father lent his house for the reception the next day) & Mr. Antony Fildes



Major Peter Smalley up the pole for a bet



the on / formal part

Sir Eustace Keweenick, Bt., and his 12-year-old son George at the reception



A last wave from the bride to the mass of guests pouring out of Shawdon Hall, now a boy's school, which was lent for the reception by Major & Mrs. Calverly Bewicke



of an informal day,

Privacy in the going-away Landrover



with another

Miss Caroline Marshall and Mr. Peter Hatch



Mr. Jaime Aladren and Miss Felicity Harrington were among the 70-odd younger guests still going



Miss Rachel Macfarlane and Mr. Peter Allsopp



dance till the

cows came home . . .



Cross country judges Mr. Thomas Elliott and Miss Vivienne Lomax, with Miss Jennifer Jarvis

MINIATURE HAREWOOD

For riders in the West Lancs branch Pony Club trials at Knowsley Park, home of the Earl of Derby



Dressage judges Miss Mary Martin-Hurst and Mrs. Peter Brocklehurst, assisted by Mrs. N. Bond



Brig. G. Kingzett, chief show jumping judge, with Mrs. John Turner, who organized the day



Mr. Edward Owen, Miss Meyriel Taylor and Miss Auriol Mackeson-Sandbach, of the Flint & Denbigh



Overall winners for the second year running: the West Lancashire branch of the Pony Club. This year's team was Miss Barbara Pearson, 17, Miss Jill Novak, 20, Miss Elizabeth Bolton, 16, and Miss Yvonne Birks, 14



Miss Christine Black, the trials steward, with Miss Carol Hinds and Mr. Kenneth Woodward



Mounted messengers Jonathan and Sally, the children of Mr. & Mrs. John Turner

Flying was never like this!

or, nobody loves a realist

by CLAUD COCKBURN

POSSIBLY YOU CAN REMEMBER THE DAYS when, flying from here to there, you eagerly awaited your turn to scan that little flight progress-report which the co-pilot used to scribble out and hand back to the passengers in the front row, to be passed from seat to seat right down the plane. It seemed thoroughly worthwhile to know that "We are now flying at 18,000 feet and in a few minutes we may see Bristol on our left." People used to get impatient and even furious if others in the row in front seemed to be taking too long conning the little document. Those behind had the impression that they were being rudely excluded from valuable information, as though the man next door had stolen their morning newspaper.

Lately, apart from the fact that a lot of the bigger airliners started using loudspeakers to tell the customers what it was deemed suitable for them to know, people seemed to get less excited about flight progress-reports. It was as though the idea of possibly seeing Bristol or Amiens from 18,000 feet had lost its vibrancy. One more element of wonder and romance had somehow seeped out of air travel.

I was rolling back and thinking about this as the plane in which I was flying to Italy around Christmas approached the Alps. Suddenly I heard a voice come honking over the address system:

"Your attention please. We are now nearing the Alps and we hope, we do most earnestly hope, to cross them with plenty of clearance. Naturally there is always the risk of a failure in the de-icing system, in which case we shall all be down there among the St. Bernard dogs and brandy casks in very short order. I thank you."

The effect of this pronouncement on myself and fellow-passengers was marked—very marked—I can tell you. People who had been merely wondering whether the paperback novel they bought at London Airport was going to last as far as Milan stopped wondering about that and stared out at the wings. Travellers who had been dozing came stark awake and jabbed with their elbows at neighbours who had been fully asleep to tell them of the peril we were all in. The air hostess, looking bewildered, could do little to slacken the tension, particularly when, soon afterwards, the loudspeakers honked again and said:

"Your attention please. If metal fatigue doesn't get us we shall probably land at Milan at 18.00 hours. I say advisedly 'if.' I thank you."

The shrill chatter in the cabin changed key

slightly as all those who had been arguing about the number of crashes caused by failure of the de-icing gear started to dispute about the number that were supposed to have resulted from metal fatigue. As we circled Milan airport they were interrupted:

"Attention please. Bearing in mind that even with the finest equipment and highest human skill, there must always be an element of hazard in the landing of an aircraft—even a slight piece of negligence on the part of the ground control down there could do us in at the last moment—we shall be touching down within a couple of minutes. I thank you."

After the touchdown, while we waited to disembark, the air hostess stumbled up to the front of the plane and through the open door of the cockpit I caught a glimpse of her, the pilot and the co-pilot in what seemed to be altercation. The co-pilot, with an aggrieved look, appeared to be trying to explain something while the other two shouted him down in astonishment and anger.

That glimpse was my first view of Sammy Blaize-Clinton, looking so passionately earnest in his co-pilot's uniform. The next time I saw him was about 24 hours later in a Milan bar, where he was still looking passionately earnest but was not—as I was unsurprised to note—in co-pilot's uniform.

"Sacked," he told me over a few drinks, "and for why? Merely because I try to give an otherwise routine trip a little educational value—get people thinking about a lot of factors and possibilities they may barely have heard of, or have forgotten. It's a bit hard."

"Have another drink," I said.

"All right," he said. "And here's hoping this isn't one of those bars that got caught with some of that wood alcohol some racketeer's been peddling. Quite a number of cases of partial or total blindness recently."

We never did get the next drink because the barman, chancing to overhear him, asked us to leave. Said talk of that kind made for an unpleasant atmosphere.

"There you are," Blaize-Clinton said. "Fellow's an escapist. Doesn't want to have the facts out in the open."

It was some weeks before I ran across Blaize-Clinton again—in the lobby of the Liverpool Street hotel where he introduced me to an old friend of his who, it emerged, was hopeful that I would write something somewhere about a company he was promoting to market a product which, he believed, could not fail to rouse wide public acclaim and demand.

This promoter talked for a while and Blaize-Clinton said to me with his usual earnestness: "You know, he's absolutely right—up to a point. I mean this gadget's quite good as such gadgets go, even though that may not be very far. If this impending strike doesn't cause a crippling hold-up in the raw materials I'd say

there was a good chance—provided the factory building isn't condemned by the local authority...."

Noticing that his friend's face was becoming suffused with the blood of pure hatred, Blaize-Clinton patted him on the knee and said, jerking his head in my direction: "You want our friend here to get the full facts, don't you, Ned? I mean, everyone's the better for getting a basis for thinking about a lot of factors they may barely have heard of, or have forgotten."

I noticed that when his friend rather abruptly took his leave, he shook hands with me, but not with Blaize-Clinton. Blaize-Clinton noticed it too.

"Odd fellow," he said. "Doesn't seem interested in the factual factors in the situation. The way he looked just now reminded me of a pal of mine named Jones when I was congratulating him and his fiancée on their engagement. I told them in all sincerity that provided she could memorize her marriage vows—I'd known her before Jones did, you see, and I knew it was quite a proviso—and making the assumption, always a bit risky, of course, that he could not only lay off the booze but stay off, I saw no reason why their marriage shouldn't be a very happy one—unless they later found themselves mutually incompatible, as so often happens, unfortunately, when people marry after such a short engagement."

"And your pal was unappreciative?"

"Had no liking for estimating the possibilities. Perhaps, by the way, I should have said 'ex-pal'."

All this came back to me the other day when I chanced to find myself in a district where they were having a by-election. I happened to know one of the candidates, a man called Brownie, and sat with him one evening at his open hotel window.

"Just relaxing for a bit," he said. "I've got a loudspeaker van touring the streets, with one of our voluntary helpers talking for me. Very earnest, sincere chap. There—you can hear him now." From the loudspeaker in the next street came seraps of a speech in a voice with which I was familiar.

"Attention please. In the event of our candidate, James Brownie, retaining his health until polling day, we hope.... Provided events do not render ridiculous all the promises of our party leaders.... Bearing in mind the fickleness of politicians, and assuming that our candidate does not go back on everything he has said the moment he is elected, as unfortunately too often happens.... Taking into account these factual possibilities...."

The expression on Brownie's face reminded me of that air hostess over the Alps, that company promoter in the London hotel. In two seconds he had ceased to relax and bounded from the room. Once again Blaize-Clinton was off the air.



THE LAST RAYS OF SUMMER

End-of-harvest landscape in Sussex

End-of-holiday seascape at Brighton

captured in the English out-of-doors at close of day

BY MALCOLM AIRD (THESE PAGES AND 488-9), ALAN VINES (486), AND THURSTON HOPKINS (487)





Windfall near Paddock Wood, Kent



Rainfall on the A21 near Sevenoaks



Last looks on a Sussex seafront





*Tie me kangaroo down, sport.
This one eats out of the hand
Miss Nancy Knudson (Miss
Queensland), but she's
risking a moody pun.*

TOM HUSTON

DOWN UNDER ON THE UP!

For the first time it's fashionable to be Australian! From London the Outback looks suddenly romantic instead of just primitive, the accent sounds interesting instead of just non-U, and the nationality has an unmistakable social cachet. MURRAY SAYLE, an Australian journalist in London, whose first novel (about an Australian journalist in London) was published last week, describes the transformed attitude as he finds it these days

We could have met anywhere in London. Let's say—remembering we're in Britain and we don't want to be *too* transatlantic and chummy on first acquaintance, if you know what I mean—that we've been introduced by a mutual friend, all shipshape and Queen Victoria-fashion. Never mind, we like the look of one another.

"How do you do," you say.

"Haow d'yer daow," I say, with a Jack Brabham smile. I don't sound like that to myself, but I've learnt in eight years in Britain that I sound much like that to you. I have, in short, an accent.

You're British and you know your accents. Now, what is it? Cockney? Yes and no. American? Well, hardly. Of course—Australian. You have a quick mental picture of kangaroos and convicts, people who play tennis standing on their heads, rocket ranges and bent-arm bowlers. You smile, amused and affectionate at the same time. We have found some strange colonies in our time, you think, but it's your next line of dialogue, so you say:

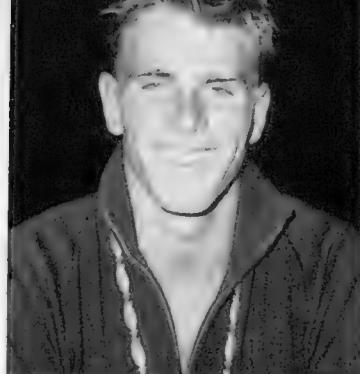
"You must be an Australian, Mr. Sayle. There do seem to be a lot of you people in Britain these days, don't there?"

"Murray," I say, out of habit. It takes an Australian to be not unfriendly but aggressively friendly. You'll soon get used to it. Besides, you've said the right thing, because we're pleased when the British take notice of us. "Yes," I say, with a touch of pride, "I feel that Australia is really beginning to arrive on the British scene. There are the good sporting standbys, of course, the Davis Cup, the Olympics, the cricket, and now the motor-racing. Then there's a new artistic wave, following Eileen Joyce, Robert Helpmann, Joan Sutherland; we've got the painter Sidney Nolan and the playwright Ray Lawler really bringing the Australian scene home to the British public."

"And then there's Peter Finch doing that marvellous job on O-



TOM HUSTLER



MURRAY ROSE won an Olympic gold medal for Australia when he broke the record in winning the 400-metre free-style swimming event



CLARE FEILDING

PETER FINCH established himself as Australia's most successful invader of the British screen with his masterly playing of Oscar Wilde



Rivaling the popularity of Westerns, Australian Outback serials have stormed Britain's TV, and Flying Doctor (above) even had a radio version (in which Bill Kerr starred). This week ATV launched Whiplash (below), all about a stagecoach line during the Australian gold-rush era. The star, Peter Graves, is American—brother of Gun Law's James Arness

Wilde . . . , and Herb Elliott doing the same thing for the Olympic mile.

"That's not all," I say, because you've got me on my favourite subject, so you're in for a session. "The old Outback—romanticized, I'll admit—is starting to displace the Westerns on British TV: *Flying Doctor* was a great success and now there's another one, *Whiplash*, to follow it. Oh, and before I forget it, something I thought would not happen in 100 years. . . ."

"Yes?"

I squirm, but I get it out: "An Australian song called *Tie me Kangaroo Down, Sport* is on top of the British hit parade. We've arrived."

I throw this in because this song amuses me and sets my teeth on edge at the same time, but it's very Australian: the weird slang, the extraordinary animals, and the strange, grim, self-deprecating humour.

(Australians, generally speaking, pass the real test of a sense of humour: they like nothing more than laughing at themselves. But you have to like us first before you're allowed to join in.)

Anyway it adds up to quite a budget, and you admit it. There are 20,000 young Australians in London, give or take a few boatloads.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Earls Court ("Kangaroo Valley") belongs to us, so does New South Kensington. When the homesickness gets too much for us, we can cross the world on a London bus, to the Surrey bar near Australia House where they serve real beer from Melbourne, to the Canberra restaurant or the Down Under club, or to a thousand flats where we sit round with a penny in the gas and gossip affectionately and bitterly about each other and long for home. But just now, at least, we don't need to feel so self-conscious. We even hear people saying that they rather *like* our accent.

You ask: "What are you all doing here, though?"

"Seeing the world," I say. "And, to us, that's London. You see, we feel keenly our remoteness, our isolation. Let's face it, it's no accident that Australia began as a British colony on the other side of the world, as far away from Britain as you can get. The idea was that you were rid of those troublesome people for ever. . . ."

"You're not going to clank those chains at me after 100 years, are you?" you say. It's your turn to be uncomfortable.

"Of course not. I'm just trying to explain what it feels like to be Australian. When you live on the edge of the world, so far from people of your own kind, with your own values, you can't help asking why, when, how, did this come about? The British have a past, so have we: *yours*. Don't think we're all bitterness, either: we have a deep reservoir of affection, of gratitude for Britain, even a lot of hero-worship. Whatever we are, we're not tourists."

"Let's have no more about Botany Bay, anyway," you say.

"I learnt to swim in Botany Bay," I say. "But never mind: what I'm trying to say is that London, and Britain, gives an Australian a strong feeling of belonging, of connecting up. Basically, we're visiting kinsfolk, hearing the family history. It's fascinating."

I can see you're touched; you begin to understand. "While we're on this, what about the famous chip on the shoulder?" you ask.

"Well, we're, nationally, at the awkward age. The childish sense of inferiority is evaporating. We're discovering that mother (that's Britain to us) doesn't *always* know best. We're beginning to feel that we have things to tell *you*, and sometimes we are too clumsy, too pushing altogether in letting you know. I'll be quite frank, Australians badly want to be liked in Britain, but without condescension or patronage. They're glad to be finding signs that suddenly they are."

I could put it another way. We've been understanding Britain, or trying to, for a hundred years. It's your turn to understand us. Unless I'm mistaken, the next decade is going to be one of increasing Australian influence in Britain.

You smile. "Ah, but you have no progressive theatre in Wagga Wagga," you say—but you've said it the *right way*, and now that I know you I'll admit that I think Wagga Wagga is as comical a name for a town as you do—well, nearly as comical.

"*Stands the church clock at ten to three?*" I quote.

"*And is there honey still for tea*

"*In Bullamakanka?*"

"Let's hop down to the Surrey, cobber," you say, and for a beginner you don't do too badly at all with the accent.



DOWN UNDER ON THE UP





TOM HUSTLER



D. WILDING



THEY BROKE THE ICE . . . Among the vanguard who made Australia felt in Britain are Shirley Abicair (left), whose zither made a big post-war impact on TV, Eileen Joyce, the distinguished pianist, and Ray Lawler, author of the delightful *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, which was made into a successful film. The play and its Australian cast were transported in toto from Sydney for its West End run



G. DEUTSCH

THEY DUG IN . . . London, rather than Sydney or Melbourne, is still the place to come to find fame and/or fortune. Among those advancing along these lanes are (opposite page) Miss Jean Fullard and Miss Lois James, both leading fashion models. Mr. & Mrs. Jack Farrow, seen at their wedding in Chelsea Register Office earlier this year, are both successful in business over here. She is an executive in a pattern firm and he has his own business selling leather clothes to big stores. Sydney Nolan (above) had a striking London exhibition of paintings on the theme of *Leda & The Swan* this summer

Eminent emigrants . . .

Stage & screen

Kitty Bluett
Dick Bentley
Coral Browne
Diane Cilento
Peter Finch
Keith Michell

Authors
Russell Braddon
Jack Lindsay

Artists
Heyward Veale
Arthur Boyd
Albert Tucker

Opera & ballet

Jane Bronhill
Joan Sutherland
Robert Helpmann
Joan Hammond

Just eminent

Viscount Bruce of
Melbourne
Lord Baillieu (of Dunlop)
Sir Howard Florey
(of penicillin)
Sir Robert Fraser (of ITA)
Jack Brabham (champion
driver)



THEY WATCH THE CHANGE . . . Symptomatic of the expansion of the Australian community in London is the thriving Down Under club in Earls Court (now said to be known as Kangaroo Valley), where Mr. John Austin (left) musters 2,000-odd members (including New Zealanders). A speciality of the bar is Australian beers. Miss Starr Liddell (above) runs the successful Canberra restaurant in Beauchamp Place, and is seen in her kitchen (she does much of the cooking). The excellent food brings in plenty of Australian customers, though Australian cuisine as such is unknown



TOM HUSTLER

TOM HUSTLER

TOM HUSTLER

INSIDE - OUT

*It's not the best season for convertibles but it's the time when
in the recent collections. Wetheralls made the attractive versions*

INSIDE-IN for a full length reversible coat with the smart beige wool side showing and the curly lambswool side nestling against a straight matching skirt and white blouse. The confident beret is of toning

wool. The coat costs £49 17s. 6d., the skirt £7 17s. 6d., the long-sleeved blouse with its adaptable collar £4 14s. 6d., and the beret £3 3s. 6d. Reversible coats like this one are equally effective against cold or damp



FOR OUTSIDE

THE TATLER & Bystander 14 September 1960 495

reversibles come into their own, as proved by the number shown

below for the girl who wants to be a turncoat at country living

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL DUNNE

INSIDE-OUT for a three-quarter length country casual coat worn with the curly lambswool side showing. The coat reverses to leaf-green wool and is worn with a straight green wool skirt and maize-coloured

long-sleeved shirt. This coat costs £45 13s. 6d., the skirt £7 17s. 6d. and the shirt £4 14s. 6d. They are obtainable, like the coat shown on the opposite page, from Wetherall branches throughout the country



LORD KILBRACKEN

A traditional entertainment

THIS WEEK, on Friday, there will take place at Killegar—whether or not, by then, the oats have been safely stooked—the second annual Harvest Hooley. The first, just a year ago, was such a roaring success that it will certainly become, from now on, a regular feature of the agricultural year. It happened like this. I had rather more tillage than usual last September, and a bumper harvest to boot, and it became increasingly obvious that it would not be possible to reap, stook and thresh it with my own usual labour. An SOS was sent out, and for five or six days all my good friends and neighbours turned up in force to help me: the McGertys and the MacGarveys, and Jack Mills and Red Benny, and the Kiernans and the Woodses, and Bob Tummins and Ben Gilhooley, and a great many more besides.

Not one of these men, all of them small farmers with their own work to do, would have accepted, I knew, a penny piece for their labour. They had a couple of meals a day with me, needless to say, and after work a few bottles of stout at Jack McGerty's pub. But if they expected anything more, which most of them didn't, it would only be the loan at some future date of my subsoiler or circular saw, the service of my bull (the Hereford, Adam), or a cartload of firewood if an oak or a beech were downed by a winter gale.

This, I felt, would not really be enough, and I therefore decided to ask all of them to Killegar for an evening's real celebration as soon as the last of the barley had been safely threshed. I began to compose a list, and already had 30 names, when I thought of all the other neighbours who had helped me over the years in a hundred other ways. How could I leave out Jim Johnson, for instance, who had often lent me his ploughs (and his buck-rake and his trailer)? Or Mary Sheridan, who had been housekeeper at Killegar for more than 20 years? Or Robert Henderson, who lent me his muck-

spreader from time to time, and who bought springing heifers from me?

The list grew and grew and, by the time I'd added their womenfolk, there were no fewer than 86 names on it. It would have offended every tradition if formal invitations had been sent out; the news spread to the people concerned by word of mouth, in the mysterious way in which things happen in Ireland (and, on the night, there were to be no absentees and no gatecrashers). With my sister Katharine's help, I was able to get on with the necessary preparations.

At first, it was to be a very simple affair: I merely ordered 300 bottles of Guinness and the same of beer. Then someone pointed out that there might—just *might*—be some teetotallers present, if only among the women and children. So an order was placed for a hundred assorted "minerals," which duly arrived (on an enormous lorry, with the beer and stout, an hour before the party) in amazing variety: ice-cream sodas, and raspberryades, and orange colas, and other strange unmentionables. The choice had been left to my nephew and niece, Paul and Mary, who are experts on this subject.

If there was drink, there had to be food, and we arranged for a team of trusted stalwarts—the likes of Teresa, and Mary, and Helen, and Janey, and Ita—to work in relays in the kitchen at sandwiches, sausages, tea, fruit cake and eggs. And then we began thinking about music....

Joe Gray, the inimitable, would of course be with us anyway; Joe, the local musician-in-chief, who is not only equally at home with fiddle, penny-whistle or saxophone, but who sings and recites as well. Even a man of Joe's calibre, however, could hardly be expected to keep the all of us dancing till dawn. So we called on Brian Galligan, himself a penny-whistler, who happened to have staying with him an Irish-American fiddler from New York, who would be glad to come along; and

we called on Garech Browne, expert in such matters, who would try to bring Leo Rowsome with him, indisputably the greatest Uileann piper in Ireland. And then we cleared out just about all the furniture from the dining-room, the drawing-room and the saloon.

The party got going at around 10 p.m. Some brought bottles of Irish with them, which went speedily into general circulation. Joe began with the fiddle, then switched to the saxophone. To the fiddle we danced a haymaker, a jig and a half-set; to the saxophone we danced a foxtrot, a waltz (*very old-fashioned*) and what may or may not have been a rhumba.

Brian arrived, bringing not only his Yankee fiddler but also two very attractive American girls, champion Irish step-dancers (though also from New York), who in due course put on a cabaret for us, in startling unison and their silent, silk-stockinged feet. Leo Rowsome missed the bus from Dublin and had to be collected from Kells—a round trip of more than 100 miles. He arrived at 2 a.m. and played till sunrise.

Paul and Mary, behind the "bar" (which we had set up in the saloon, in front of great-grandpapa), were serving beer and stout as fast as they could open them. The sandwiches came and went. Red Benny gave us *Dangerous Dan Magrew* and Uncle P. rendered brilliantly *The Face on the Bar-room Floor*. Johnny Fyffe sang *The Boys of the County Armagh*, and Joe gave us *Courting in the Kitchen*. There were diverse renderings of *The Bold Fenian Men*, *The Galway Shawl* and *Phil the Fluter's Ball*.

I had judged with some accuracy the capacity of the company. Con Reilly and Red Benny consumed the last two bottles of beer at 8 a.m. on the terrace, as the sun rose over Donawalee. It will, I feel, be much the same this week. A tradition has already, after all, been established; and traditions, as everyone knows, must be respected above everything.



SWISS CLOTHES IN LONDON

Presenting a selection of suits, coats and dresses now on sale over here—each one bearing the stamp of Swiss flair and originality that draws the store buyers twice-yearly to

Zürich and Geneva

Proximity to most of Europe's fashion and textile manufacturing centres—only a few hours by air—helps Swiss designers keep pace with current tastes and the country's hard currency means that they can buy the finest materials. Both facts are reflected in this dress by Madame Haller of Zürich, an admirer of the classically draped styles made famous by Madame Grès of Paris. The dress, inspired by a recent Grès collection, is made of fine silk jersey in tones of platinum and palest wistaria. It can be bought over here at Harrods, Knightsbridge, and Kendal Milne, Manchester. Prices on application to model rooms



SWISS CLOTHES IN LONDON *continued*

Teamed for warmth and good looks, a three-quarter length coat of superfine tan suède and a tailored dress of oatmeal wool. The coat, lined with the same material used for the dress, has deep raglan sleeves and is outlined with saddle stitching repeated around the dress neckline. The dress belt is made of the same suède as the coat. A Macola of Zürich model at Harrods. Price on request at their Model Room



Late-day and evening clothes are the speciality of Madame Haller of Zürich and many of the materials she buys from Lyons are exclusive to her house. This tailored after-five dress has extra-short sleeves and a high-belted waistline (see



detail) that is just hidden by the brief jacket. The material used is a high-relic of black, blue and silver lamé. The dress is on sale now at Harrods, Knightsbridge, and Greensmiths, Downes, Edinburgh. Price on application to the respective mod rooms of the stores



Knitwear from Switzerland is a best-seller anywhere and one of the most famous names for tailored knitwear both here and on the Continent is that of Hanro. From their current collection (left) is an up-to-the-minute suit striped in royal blue and black. The square boxy jacket tops an all-round pleated skirt. Obtainable at Woollards, Knightsbridge, price: 40 gns.





Jersey knitted to resemble tweed makes the little suit (opposite page) with its easy fitting jumper over a short-sleeved long line knitted in plain toning jersey. The neckline is filled with a trimming of The suit, by Hisco, is obtainable in several ways, on sale at R. W. Forsyth, Edinburgh, 25½ gns. to be a fit here. Braunschweig, it is made of proofed burnt sienna shade, has a generous racoon collar and is lined throughout with Orlon for extra warmth. Obtainable at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, price 30 gns. English store buyers are always on the lookout for wearable little suits like the one (right) knitted in heavy sand-coloured jersey by Alpinit and edged with tobacco brown. It

SWISS CLOTHES IN LONDON

concluded

of the dress are outlined with a two-toned linked border. Dresses like these with matching jackets are universally popular. It comes from Swyzerli of Montreux and is obtainable from Marshall & Snelgrove in London, Leeds and Birmingham, Kendal Milne, Manchester, Jenners, Edinburgh. The price is 32 gns.





PHOTOS: ALAN VINES

Sir David Webster, director of the Royal Opera House, stood on a staircase to address the guests



Mr. Set Svanholm, director of the Swedish company, Sir David Webster and soprano Miss Birgit Nilsson



Mrs. Marit Gentele, wife of Goeran Gentele, the company's stage director, and herself a former leading actress



The Earl of Drogheda, and Miss Mary Skeaping, d

SWEDES AT COVENT GARDEN

The Royal Oper



of Covent Garden,
of the Swedish Ballet



Mr. C. E. Kihlstedt, secretary of the Swedish Chamber of Commerce here, Miss Brita Broberg, and Miss Siw Eriesdotter



Mr. John Collins, house manager for the Royal Opera House, with the Countess of Drogheda

Aniara, a new opera set in a disabled space ship, was given its first London performance by the Swedish company. Soloists in this scene were Sven Erik Vikstroem and (in white uniform) Arne Ohlson



Mrs. Ragnar Ulfung, wife of the leading tenor of the Swedish company, he sings in *Aniara* and *A Masked Ball*

COUNTER SPY



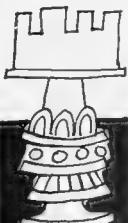
ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY DON JARVIS

There's a boom in the potter's craft, thanks to the encouragement of the Rural Industries Council, the government-subsidized Crafts Centre which insists on new design before work can be put on show, and lately a courageous enterprise called the Craftsmen Potters Shop where the potter chooses the best of his work to exhibit. Pottery about-the-house starts with stoneware soup bowls that pair with saucers—unglazed outside, glazed a natural colour inside: 9s. 6d. each by Bernard Leach at Primavera, Sloane Street. There are similar vegetable dishes, ramekins and casseroles. A glazed golden brown earthenware oval dish bears the design of a strutting cockerel, costs £3 5s. by the Shepherds Well Pottery at the Craftsmen Potters Shop, 3 Lowndes Court, Carnaby Street, W.1, where Craftsmen Potters Assn. members display their work and stage regular individual exhibitions. Everything here is for sale; some must be ordered specially. On the wall is a highly fired earthenware lamp ridged in black and earth red. The shade is natural linen, lined with silk.

Down to earthenware

Together they cost 18 gns. from Briglin Potteries, 22 Crawford Street, W.1, where many vases are made into lamps, by request. A stoneware plant pot and base by Eileen Lewenstein costs 3 gns. at Eva Hauser, 281 Finchley Road, N.W.3. A roughcast, unglazed vase is by Robin Welsh and one of the unrepeatable pieces of signed pottery at Primavera. This one costs 9 gns. Hanging on the wall is a glazed stoneware tankard, washed in black and rust. It costs 9s., is by Ray Finch and comes from the Craftsmen Potters Shop. Away from the browns, blacks and yellows currently favoured by potters is a white and slate blue, shallow patterned bowl: £3 6s., by Alan Caiger Smith, from the Crafts Centre. In the bowl: gourds from Eva Hauser which cost 2s. or 2s. 6d. A fish leaps across the cider brown and gold cider jar by David Eeles. Original and practical, the jar has cork stoppers at the neck and on the tap. Plus six mugs, it costs £16 5s. at the Crafts Centre, Hay Hill, W.1. This centre has about 100 potter members besides other members who are designer-craftsmen



VERDICTS

The picture shows **Les Trois Mousquetaires.** Piccadilly Theatre. (Roger Planchon, Henri Galiardin, Claude Lochy, Jean-Pierre Barnard.)

The film shows **The Fugitive Kind.** Director Sidney Lumet. (Anna Magnani, Marlon Brando, Joanne Woodward.)

Song Without End. Director Charles Vidor. (Dirk Bogarde, Genevieve Page, Capucine, Martita Hunt.)

A French Mistress. Director Roy Boulting. (Cecil Parker, Ian Bannen, Agnes Laurent, Raymond Huntley, Irene Handl.)

The records shows **Al Cohn On The Saxophone.**

Jimmy Hamilton & The Ellington Men.

Brass Shout, by Art Farmer.

Three Trumpets, by Farmer, Byrd & Sulieman. **At Music Inn & Valse Hot,** by Sonny Rollins. **Latin Ala Lee,** by Peggy Lee. **A Tribute To Al Jolson,** by Maurice Chevalier.

The books

The Project, by Andrew Sinclair. (Faber, 15s.)

The Little Disturbances Of Man, by Grace Paley. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 13s. 6d.)

The Golden Youth Of Lee Prince, by Aubrey Goodman. (Methuen, 18s.)

The galleries **Peter Hobbs & Robert Law.** Institute of Contemporary Arts.

Summer Exhibition. Adams Gallery.

Beauties & Beasts. Jeffress Gallery.

l'Amour within the comprehension of those whom M. Planchon hoped to attract away from the cinema and back to the theatre came off unexpectedly well. With *Dead Souls* and *Edward II* in hand, it was a mistake, I think, for M. Planchon to introduce himself for the first time to English audiences with *Les Trois Mousquetaires*.

The history of this version is all too simple. Dumas's immortal romance has been represented on the French provincial stage only by an obsolete adaptation made by one of his collaborators. M. Planchon and his colleagues, thinking to revive this piece of theatrical antiquity, found it so funny that they went back to the novel and began to improvise what they hoped might turn out to be a marvellous debunking of preconceived notions of traditional romantic drama. Every known theatrical style was to be lampooned from Claudel to Beckett, from Shakespeare to Brecht, and the result would be a fresh triumph for the iconoclasts from the Rhône Valley.

Certainly the mockery of Dumas won great popularity in Lyons, but its reception in this country must be something of a set-back to M. Planchon's budding English reputation. It seemed to me no more than a theatrical romp that goes on far too long. The plot of the novel is followed with extraordinary closeness, but since neither D'Artagnan's career nor the recovery of the tell-tale clasp of diamonds given by the Queen to Buckingham is taken seriously there

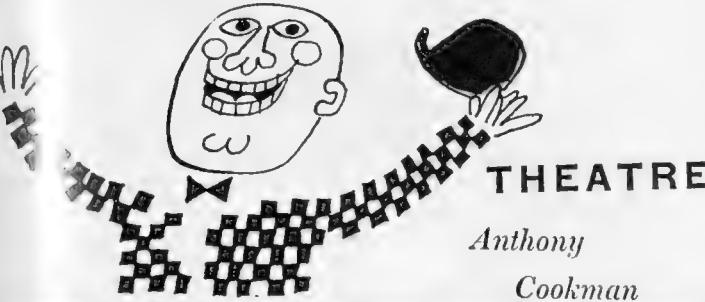
is only one joke a hundred times repeated and the tale as a romance never begins to live.

The Musketeers ride hobby-horses in the style of the Chinese theatre, and stage some admirably managed stage fights. Anne of Austria flirts with a Buckingham who finds it necessary meanwhile to pretend to be a street-lamp cleaner, and the noble lover gets into a water butt in order to be stabbed.

These and similar episodes produce some excellent slapstick, but however hard we attend to it all, we quite fail to notice that any author or theatrical director, with the possible exception of Claudel, is being held up to witty ridicule. The whole thing is spirited but irredeemably trivial.



IN TRADITIONAL COSTUME the *Three Musketeers* (Jean-Jacques Lagarde, Armand Meffre & Jean-Baptiste Thiérée) prepare to take part in the anything-but-conventional stage frolic based on Dumas's romance, at the Piccadilly Theatre



Standing Dumas on his head

ENGLISH PLAYGOERS HAVE HAD A glimpse of the newest comet on the French theatrical horizon. M. Roger Planchon and his company, who brought *Les Trois Mousquetaires* to the Piccadilly Theatre, are, as nearly as may be, the French equivalent of our own Theatre Workshop. But they have hardly yet had time to ponder the astonishing romance of their own brief career.

M. Planchon only six years ago was a stage-struck bank clerk with Marxist convictions and the ambition to become a theatrical rebel in the Brechtian didactic style. He and the amateur company he formed have since established themselves at Lyons as the only professional theatre giving regular evening performances to large audiences consisting in the main of industrial workers and students. Visits were made to Paris, and last year M. André Malraux, the Minister of Cultural Affairs, visited Lyons

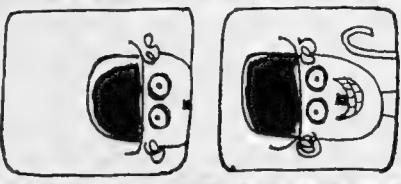
and decided to give the company official recognition.

So they order matters in France. M. Planchon was nominated director of the Ministry's first "Théâtre Populaire de Province" and received a grant of 30 million francs. The stage-struck bank clerk had arrived.

M. Planchon's productions have naturally divided French critics, but out of the various heated critical controversies he has emerged as France's unrivalled champion of the didactic theatre. He has formed in himself the dual roles of author-adaptor and theatrical director, happily with more sense of fun than is normally found in his Brechtian prototype. It is generally agreed that his most successful pieces have been adaptations by M. Arthur Adamson of Gogol's *Dead Souls* and Marlowe's chronicle play, *Edward II*, and a daring attempt to bring the airily subtle cerebrations of Marivaux's *La Seconde Surprise de*

CINEMA

Elsbeth Grant



Tennessee's garden of neuroses

WE—AND YOU, TOO, IF YOU'RE NOT careful—are back, with *The Fugitive Kind*, in that benighted hell-hole, Mr. Tennessee Williams's Deep South. Personally, I'm sick of the place. I've been tramping through Mr. Williams's grim garden of neuroses far too long—long enough, anyway, to get blisters on my soul—and if I am asked to make this dismal excursion again, you'll see me heading resolutely for the salt-mines of Siberia which have never been cracked up as a pleasure resort but would at least, as they say, make a nice change.

I have to report, though, that anybody who enjoys the company of Mr. Williams's damned—literally

affair with his employer, the passionate Signorina Anna Magnani. She has a sad past and a hated and incurably sick husband (vicious-looking Mr. Victor Jory)—who, it interestingly transpires, was one of the vigilantes who burned her father alive for selling wine to a negro.

The Signorina feels she cannot live without Mr. Brando. She is not allowed to live with him, either; her husband eventually rallies sufficiently to bump the pair of them off. You have to wait a long time for this to happen—and meanwhile must endure the excruciating intrusions of Miss Joanne Woodward, a dear girl billed by the police as "a lewd vagrant" and disguised (despite a lavish allowance from her alcoholic brother) as a destitute scarecrow.

Miss Woodward, a beatnik to end (one prays) all beatniks, is as mad about Mr. Brando as he is about himself and keeps imploring him to run off with her and be "a wild one." Having played that role before (in a film which didn't get much of a showing) Mr. Brando refuses to be lured into giving a repeat performance: it seems he'd rather die first—and, as I told you, so he does.

These are the central characters: if I attempted to describe the others, who support or bear down upon them, you would probably assume I had turned morbid on you. I do not for a moment deny that Mr. Williams's dialogue has flashes of poetry—but as far as I am concerned, these only serve to emphasize the general gloom.

To say that *Song Without End* strikes one occasionally as threatening to be a film in the same condition would be unkind and thankless, for though it is very long (142 minutes) it contains much to admire and enjoy. As the life story of Franz Liszt, it is on the discreet and flattering side—making him less of a libertine than he was and crediting him with deep religious yearnings of which I have my doubts.

No matter. Mr. Dirk Bogarde gives a splendid bravura performance as the flamboyant and arrogant pianist, so infatuated with his own virtuosity that his work as a composer was bound to suffer.

Mr. Bogarde's hands attack the keyboard with the authority of a



INVITATION TO AN ALCOVE: *The wandering minstrel* (Marlon Brando) gets the sultry message in the eyes of *Lady Torrence* (Anna Magnani). A typical Tennessee Williams situation from *The Fugitive Kind*

—characters can count on having a field-day with the latest assortment.

There is Mr. Marlon Brando, looking beefily portentous in a snakeskin jacket and carrying a guitar. He is described as "a peculiar talker." Brother, you can say that again! He munches every word as if it were a particularly succulent marshmallow. A fugitive, one gathers, from a life of nameless orgies and petty theft, he takes a job in a general store in a small Mississippi town.

He declares himself fed up with women wanting to go to bed with him—which makes it a little hard to understand why he embarks on an

maestro's—and I almost wish he had not told me that he cannot play the piano at all. Incidentally, since he could perform the prodigious feat of accurately memorizing the fingering of 32 compositions, I wonder why he didn't learn to, while he was about it. Possibly he felt he could never match the brilliance of Cuban-born Mr. Jorge Bolet, who plays for him off-screen: it would indeed be difficult.

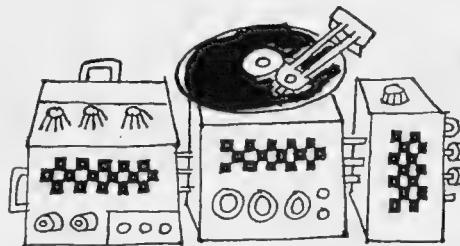
Miss Genevieve Page is interesting as the Countess Marie d'Agoult, the mistress Liszt abandons (along with their two children)—and a French newcomer, Mlle. Capucine, is ravishingly beautiful as the Russian princess who would gladly marry him but for the fact that she has a husband already (M. Ivan Desny) and cannot obtain a divorce. Miss Martita Hunt is exquisitely polished

as the Grand Duchess of Weimar and Mr. Lyndon Brook contributes a clear-cut cameo of the stormy Richard Wagner. An extremely handsome film, altogether.

Perhaps surfeited with satire (though I do hope not), the Boultting Brothers have done no more in *A French Mistress* than provide an agreeable little frivolity—about the trouble that ensues when a fetching Gallic miss, Mlle. Agnes Laurent, is engaged to teach French at a boys' public school. There are delightful performances from Mr. Cecil Parker as the headmaster, and Mr. Ian Bannen as his son—and Miss Irene Handl is simply gorgeous as a cook who learnt her craft in the Army Catering Corps and has no intention of being "put upon" by a bunch of mere civilians.

RECORDS

Gerald
Lescellus



It's discipline that does it

THE SOLOIST WHO GROWS UP IN A big band profits from a wealth of experience and the necessity to say his piece with extreme brevity. It is pleasing to find whole albums devoted to these stalwart men, such as Al Cohn, whose tenor sax was a hallmark of the famous Herman Herd in the late 40s. With Frank Rehak's trombone as his only accompanying horn, Cohn proves what an easy-swinging improviser he really is in an impressive album released by the International Jazz Club (J401). He avoids the technical clichés so beloved of the modernists, yet conveys a convincingly up-to-date method to his audience.

The same label offers a less exciting contribution by Jimmy Hamilton (J107), clarinetist for the past 18 years in the Ellington band. A disturbingly inaccurate sleeve note helps little towards the enjoyment of this record, which provides Jimmy with exemplary rhythm backing and the dry-sounding trumpet of Clark Terry.

A West Coast group, the Mastersounds, fail to make any interesting noises out of a block of standard jazz tunes; instead they produce an album of music (LAE12226) which so closely resembles the more advanced work of the Modern Jazz Quartet that they run the risk of being accused of copyism. I derived far more pleasure from the work of modernist Art Farmer, a trumpeter with a flair for lyricism just when this trait seems to be out of fashion.

The album on which Benny Golson arranged and conducted the session (LTZ-T15184) appeared several months ago, but escaped my immediate attention. I know it is not everyone's music, but I welcome the trend away from cool music these people have been playing.

Mr. Farmer is joined by two more trumpeters, Donald Byrd and Idrees Sulieman, on another album where the temperature of the music is well above freezing point (32-093). The peculiar front-line instrumentation, backed by three rhythm men, discourages any serious collaboration, but occasions numerous critical comparisons, mostly in favour of Messrs. Byrd and Farmer.

Sonny Rollins offered this summer two of his more intense efforts on his tenor sax. At Music Inn (MGM-C818) finds him with MJQ experts John Lewis and Connie Kay, who restrain themselves to allow him to complete his complicated sets of variations, which become virtually solo performances; even the drummer fades into silence at times! Sonny makes a less introspective approach to *False Hot* on Esquire's EP228, with relaxing moments by Clifford Brown's trumpet to offset the almost unbearable tension of something like a 9/8 meter. Max Roach is the drummer on this set, as he is on roughly half an album (CMS-18021) which is a highly technical cutting contest with fellow drummer Buddy Rich. Anyone who can

stand the drummatics may detect some incidental blowing and tooting as well. I think it is all highly vulgar and unnecessary.

In lighter mood, I must give belated commendation to Miss Peggy Lee's *Latin ala Lee* (ST1290). If this isn't a best seller, I think I'll

eat my hat, just the way Maurice Chevalier must have done when rehearsing for his *Tribute to Al Jolson* (MGM-C813).

Both albums catch their respective artists with tongue in cheek, persistently determined to be themselves.

fancy sex (lady in red tights and fur coat, seducing impotent mastermind on hearthrug overlooked by lunchback *voyeur*, is one of the book's more affectionately extravagant passages).

I'm all for Mr. Sinclair getting his Bomb-book off his chest. It just seems a pity, when you think of all that talent, that it had to be tied on to a lot of cardboard characters and the sort of plot a decent B-picture screenwriter would have sneezed at.

Reading some astonishing short stories called *The Little Disturbances of Man* by Grace Paley this week I was vaguely working on the old notion of how specially good the short-story form seemed for women writers. But remembering how good history, biography, letters, memoirs, travel-books and novels have also been from time to time for women writers, I abandoned the partisan feminine-*maquis* approach as a bad job. Miss Paley, who is American and 38, is simply an admirable writer.

The stories in this collection are sharply and economically written, with a beautifully edgy wit and a tender ear for the vernacular—Miss Paley's gift for dialogue and first-person narrative is enough to make you blink. If the particular qualities proper to a woman writer are accuracy of observation, delicacy of ear, a sort of ironic compassion, and an indulgent, amiable hostility towards men, then you couldn't credit these stories to anyone but a woman.

The book's masterpiece is an unnerving little treasure called, superbly, *The Used-Boy Raisers*, and simply describes, in wild and terrifying (but also appallingly funny) terms a suburban family breakfast. It opens, like the first sound of gun-fire from over the hill: "There were two husbands disappointed by their eggs. I don't like them that way either, I said. Make your own eggs. They sighed in unison. One man was livid; one was pallid." A bit later, you find Livid has written (from the British

plains in Africa) "hospitably to Pallid: I do think they're fine boys, you understand. I love them too, but Faith is their mother and now Faith is your wife. I'm so much away. If you want to think of them as yours, old man, go ahead. Why, thank you, Pallid had replied, airmail, overwhelmed. Then he implored the boys, when not in use, to play in their own room. He made all effort to be kind." In this ruthless and unforgettable fable Miss Paley speaks in a still, small, quietly frantic voice for any woman for whom each new day dawns with breakfast and what are widely known as family relationships. I commend it to all those who are strong enough to bear it.

I have no sales-resistance whatsoever to cleverness, but this week even I have bought enough. *The Golden Youth of Lee Prince*, far too long and abominably self-indulgent (at least half the best jokes of the year are contained in it and heaven knows how the other half got away) is by Aubrey Goodman. This young American was also born in the astonishing vintage year 1935, and has apparently lived in a lot of fashionable places such as Tangier and Torremolinos, likely spots for his golden-boy mixed-up hero Mr. Prince, the charmed lad from Texas who had all that money could buy and went through absolutely everything in search of a princess, not to mention himself.

For considerable stretches, Mr. Goodman's account of sharp-tongued, well-heeled, confused and bitterly purposeless American youth is dangerously funny and extremely readable. Actually, it becomes a sentimental bore. Mr. Prince has a touch of the prototypical Salinger hero (it seems inevitable just now) and more than a touch of Iris Storm, the gallant lady who looked for purity all the way through *The Green Hat*. The way the 20s are creeping upon us, maybe that's inevitable too.

Gone Away, by Dom Moraes, is published by Heinemann and not by MacGibbon & Kee as stated in the review of 24 August.

Mr. Sinclair's Bombo

MR. ANDREW SINCLAIR, THE 25-year-old academic and boy wonder, whose name was mentioned when any pick a lit-ting of Books had already define-you about wh- say, seem- love them: ending th- all their c- costing n- that I th- Project, is

It is gen- -moral pr- rude com- look-no-h- word-dru- serious in- ght, every time. This time I think he loves. So, unfortunately, do we.

The story is about a team of scientists isolated uneasily in the desert working on a missile bigger and more lethal than them all and

known as the Project. Each character is carefully constructed with a basic flaw, each commits an unknowing personal betrayal by the very nature of the work in hand. The leader of the team is—I would never have believed it, but there he is—none other than our good old friend the deeply dotty, enigmatic foreign scientist, a father-figure to his team, an impotent comedian and logical Man of Action who horridly pulls the legs off crabs and sees himself as Christ in reverse (rather too many of Sinclair's characters are apt to identify themselves with a figure that loves and is crucified, a habit which is beginning to make me jumpy).

This beastly master-mind commits all his inmost thoughts and private jokes to a diary, buries it, and shoots the Project off towards Russia, throwing out his hands ("as if inviting charity or nails," we knew it) and saying, if you can stand it, to his colleagues, "I love you."

The book is jolted along with lots of the gruesome japes scientists get up to when nervy and imprisoned, together with some fairly

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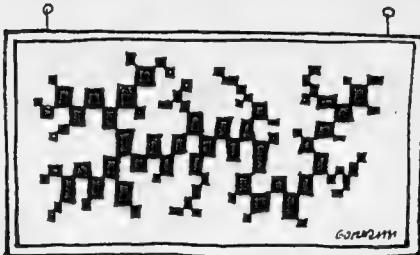
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GALLERIES

Alan Roberts



I call this 10 years wasted

AT THE INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY Arts I was given a folded piece of paper along one edge of which were printed two names, Peter Hobbs, Robert Law. On the left half of the paper was a raggedly drawn rectangle labelled "Law"; on the right, a truncated solid black column labelled "Hobbs."

That was all. No numbers, no titles. But this, I was told, was the catalogue. You may imagine my relief, therefore, at discovering that the two sad, lean and hungry looking young men in paint-splattered jeans, the only other people in the gallery, were Messrs. Hobbs and Law in person.

The problem of which belonged to whom—a problem important to the critic, if to no one else—was quickly cleared up when it was explained to me that Mr. Law, a self-confessed self-taught artist, was the rectangular man. His entire output consisted of black linear or solid rectangles (one per picture) on white backgrounds varying in size from a few square inches to several square yards.

The only virtue of these paintings of Law's is that they are completely ingenuous. By contrast, those of Hobbs, who confessed under pressure to having had some art school training, are stamped with professionalism. But this, I gather, is not a quality to which Mr. Hobbs attaches much importance.

To what then does he attach importance? As I looked at his outsize canvases upon which lines collided with each other to produce restrained bursts of colour and listened to his involved explanations the answer to that question seemed to recede farther and farther.

"It has taken us 10 years," he said, coupling his work with Law's although there seems to be no connection other than the artists' friendship, "to get to the position of making this statement."

Now 10 years is a long time, and in common with most sentimental people I labour under the illusion that anything that takes 10 years to do is worthy of respect. So, respectfully, I looked round the exhibition again. All the time Mr. Hobbs went on talking and all the time, I swear, I tried hard to relate what he was saying to the painting and sculpture before me.

If I say that I cannot take these

young men's work seriously, that does not mean that I do not think they are serious. On the contrary, I think they are deadly serious, with a seriousness that is symptomatic of today's most malignant art malaise—an obsession, not with painting, but with the idea of consciously creating something "new."

After leaving the ICA, the summer exhibition at the conservative Adams Gallery came, I must confess, as something of a relief. Here a picture is still "a vehicle for images" and not (as Roger Hilton has defined abstract painting) "a kind of catalyst for the activation of the surrounding space."

The artists whose works are exhibited are still unashamed picture-makers, picture-makers of a high order. The name of Duncan Grant strikes an odd note among those of Bellias, Montané, Vinay, Kremegne, Michonze and Ginette Rapp. But his pictures, a Venetian canal scene and a beautiful flower piece, pink roses against a red background, are happily at home among the works of those (predominantly) French colourists of distinction.

"Beauties and Beasts" at the Jeffress is another of the amusing miscellanies that are a feature of this gallery. Besides the obvious beauties and the obvious beasts there are a number of curiosities that have a foot in both camps, and others, like John Bratby's *Jean and still life*, a dreary nude half-submerged in corn-flake cartons, that stand outside both categories.

For example, H. Whiting's *Captain Joe Mastin*, a front and back view of a man tattooed from head to foot, and Leonora Carrington's curiously titled and weirdly conceived *Oink (They shall behold thine eyes)*.

Apart from the comic effect procured by juxtaposing a classical *Nymph & faun* (School of Fontainebleau) with a *Tattooed man* (H. Whiting), and sand-paintings of *Leopards and lions* (by Zobel, the table-dresser to the Prince Regent) with a Tissot-esque *Portrait of a lady* (by Helleu), the exhibition serves as a reminder of the excellence of the animal painter C. E. Swan. There are several of his fine small pictures of lions, tigers and leopards here and they are for sale at absurdly low prices.



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Or you can take make-up packed into a luxan-like hand case (above, left), which is roomy enough to take slippers, some clothing, and has a waterproof kit for washing. Complete with six Dorothy Gray preparations it costs £13 17s. 3d.

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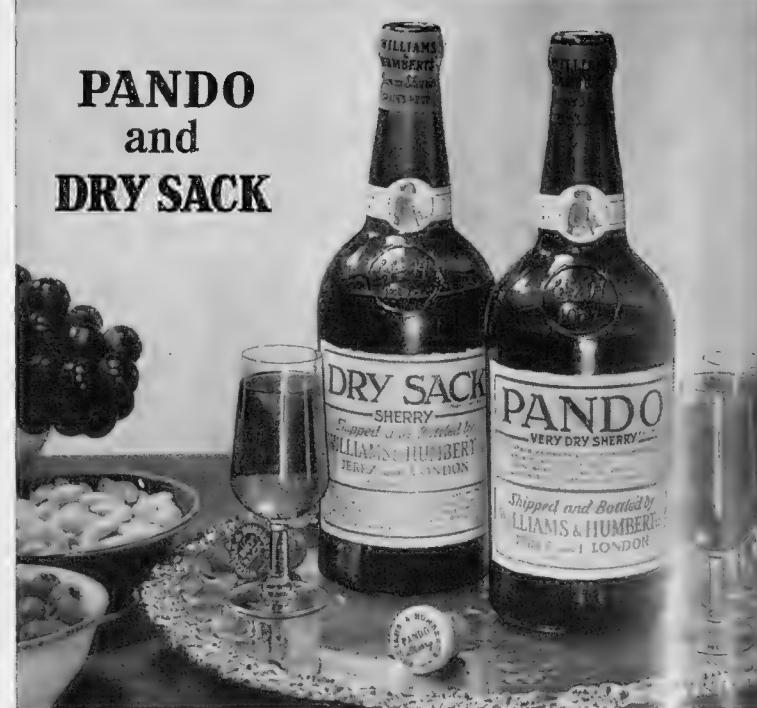
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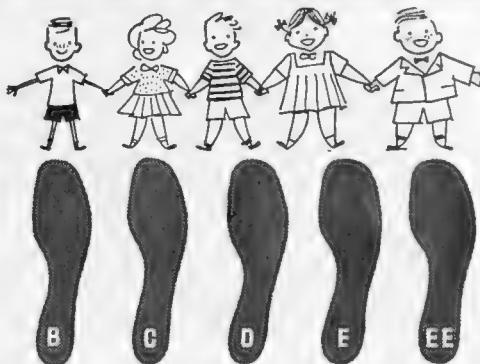
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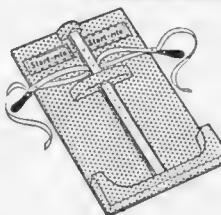
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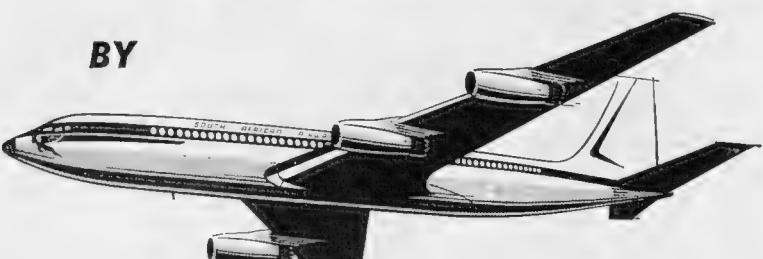
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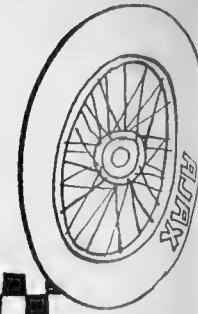
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I AM AN INEFFECTIVE AND UNHAPPY train traveller. Only dire necessity drives me to it at all and the results are rarely as intended. The other day British Railways delivered me in Cardiff 45 minutes late because the engine had gone off the boil and could not raise enough steam to drag us along.

Sometimes it is my fault, like the time last winter when I was returning to Lausanne on the Simplon-Orient Express after a long day in Paris. Soon after crossing the Swiss frontier, I fell into a deep sleep and when I awoke it was all too obvious that we were rushing through Montreux. Carried on, a helpless prisoner, I was deposited on the deserted and snow-bound station at Brig at a little after four in the morning.

Walking along the platform, and wondering how I could sustain life for the three hours until a train arrived to take me back to Lausanne, I saw an Englishman standing at the door of a coach taking a breath of the keen night air. His name was John Gordon and it was from him that I learned about the Gordon car.

As British racing experience gives us the best technique in high-speed chassis design and the best brakes, the chassis was being made in England, but for the power unit he was using a Chevrolet Corvette V8 with three carburettors, which gives 290 horsepower for a weight about 100 lb. less and a price far lower than comparable British engines. With it he was using the excellent Corvette gearbox, which has powerful synchromesh on all four speeds. For a body with elegance and an international appeal, he was going to Italy, and was at that moment on his way to confer with Bertone in Turin.

There was less than a month to go to the Geneva Show when the chassis reached Turin, but in 27 days Bertone and his miracle-working team of craftsmen had built and finished a body of entirely new design, which was delivered to Geneva in time to make the new Gordon one of the star exhibits of the show.

One expects imperfections on prototypes, but I have never driven one which was so nearly right first time. The body is solid, quiet and rattle-free. The lines are impeccable; the car seems to have no bad angles or wandering high lights.

There is real space for four adults and the trunk holds masses of luggage. The driving position is excellent, apart from too-close spacing of pedals which is being corrected on production models, and six-footers can wear hats in the front seats. Tucked away in the rear wings are two big fuel tanks with separate electric pumps.

The steering, light and wonderfully precise, seems to anticipate the driver's desires. Cornering fast, the chassis is utterly steady, without shake, pitch or dither. And as for the performance—for once I have to use a much over-worked word—it is fantastic. Although the hard-used clutch was beginning to slip under the stress of fast gear changing, I regularly got from a standstill to 100 m.p.h. in about 17 seconds using only the first three gears. At 100, one can change into top and settle down to cruise at that speed on the economy setting, using only one carburettor, with two more in reserve. And it can go from 100 to 120 in about 12 seconds.

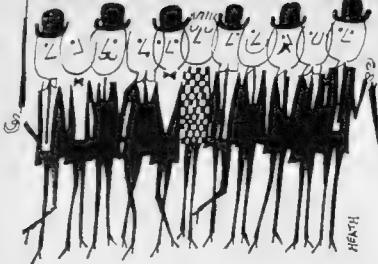
On road tyres I did not go over 130, but John Gordon says he has seen well over 140. To people with no experience of really fast cars, this may sound highly dramatic. It isn't. I had it up over the 100 several times without any of the passengers noticing that we were going particularly fast. I checked what the Girling disc brakes would do if an emergency arose and time after time they brought the car to a smooth straight-line stop from 100 m.p.h. in a little over five seconds. So with a clutch in perfect condition and everything properly adjusted, this is a car which should be able to accelerate from 0 to 100 and stop in 21-22 seconds.

Most people have three questions to ask when they see it. What'll it do, what does it cost and when can I get delivery? When they hear the answers to the first two, they start posing the third with force and urgency, because John Gordon insists that the car is going to sell for about £2,750 tax paid.

Mr. George Wansbrough, who was once chairman of Jowett Cars and is a consultant on the economics of the motor industry, has recently become a director of Gordon Cars and it seems possible that production may commence early next year. This seems to be something well worth waiting for.



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MAN'S WORLD

Johnathon
Radcliffe

WITH MORE AND MORE OF BRITAIN'S shooting acres being cornered by syndicates, an invitation to join a shooting party is becoming harder to come by. After all, when you're contributing £500 or so a year towards keeping the game there and ready, you don't encourage partners to invite guests to pot them for you. Hence shooting dress is no longer so widely understood, and when a guest does get an invitation he has occasionally been known to turn out in sports jacket and flannels, or even in a blazer with brass buttons (which glint and distract the birds). True it is not often that you come across anyone on a moor dressed like Rupert Pilmore* —grey lounge suit, pink shirt, Balliol tie and hatless—but many guests are liable to go forth minus hat. They should realize that apart from seeing better in a hat they are far less likely to be seen. Nothing is more infuriating to a line of guns than to see every bird swing away round the flanks because some "tweed" has left his hat at home.

There are some simple hints. A mackintosh lining to the poacher's

**The Twelfth*, by J. K. Sandford (Faber)

pocket; a flap to the top pocket and a button under the turn-over. In choosing the pattern do remember that tweed owes its popularity for shooting as much to its camouflage as to its more obvious protection. In choosing the hat, do make sure it fits: too small, and it will involve you in a series of easily visible hand-signals, too large and it may entail an embarrassing chase across stubble. If you go in for a waistcoat, make sure that it is really loose-fitting and quiet, too (raising the gun uncovers the waistcoat). A mackintosh lining to a couple of the pockets is a good idea for matches and watch. Then, shoes. Guests can be a thorough nuisance when, after a couple of muddy fields, their waterlogged shoes slow them down.

The safest thing, unless you have a really good country tailor, is to put yourself in the hands of one of London's older-established firms. They know how to cut a suit smartly, and yet leave plenty of room for swing and easy movement. An example is JONES, CHALK & DAWSON, Sackville St., holders of the Belgian Royal Family brevet,

and makers of shooting suits for many generations. They report little change in a suit's design since Edwardian days. "After all," they say, "the shooting suit is a practical thing, and though one or two modifications have been tried, they have not proved a success." Admittedly plus-fours are rarely made now, but to all but the most discerning eye the knicker breeches and plus twos present a very similar appearance. The Norfolk jacket, too, has lost a lot of popularity. "Gentlemen nowadays prefer to buy a suit in which they can also go to market. The Norfolk was too noticeable," according to an anonymous Savile Row tailor.

The material for a shooting suit? I would urge a good hard-wearing Cheviot today. Easier to tailor and far less absorbent than the bulkier tweeds, Cheviot has a wide colour and pattern range. It really is hard-wearing, too. A word of warning, though. Many of those attractive little Scottish "crofts" sell a cloth which is actually inferior to the established brand names.

As for outer covering, CORDINGS in Piccadilly have had the answers for more than 100 years. If you dislike the idea of being entirely encased in waterproofing (and CORDINGS guarantee you can be) why not be measured for an "Inverness" cape at £12? They may look old-fashioned, but at least they

have character and are comfortable. There will always be controversy between those who wear mittens, those who wear gloves, and those who just blow on their fingers. I can't help the finger-blowers but for mitten or glove wearers I suggest SWAINE, ADENEY, BRIGGS & SONS. Their shooting gloves of suède-backed Tan Cape leather with knitted woollen wrists (59s.) are magnificent, and the wool-lined leather mittens (30s.) look tempting. Another speciality there: the "Swadeneyne" seat stick with concealed umbrella (£16 16s.).

HILLHOUSE's, Bond St., have a meritorious range of sporting headwear at the moment. The chequered small top cap and matching scarf (£3 6s. 6d.) are particularly attractive. Or you can have a tweed hat made up from your own material. Cost, only £2 12s. 6d.

For comfortable footgear I don't think one can do better than a pair of BEALE & INMAN's stockings inside a pair of Veldtschoen shoes or boots. Another old-established Piccadilly firm, COGSWELL & HARRISON, will be able to supply any other accessories—game bag, cartridge belt or leg o' mutton cover.

And so with all the (and many more) specialist establishments in London alone, there is really no excuse to greet one's host looking as though dressed in a government surplus stock.



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DINING IN

Helen Burke

You can't fake a sauce

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE between a gifted, though not necessarily knowledgeable cook, and one who is indifferent, despite good training? Or the difference between the food served in a good restaurant and the dishes in another one which are superlative? As far as I am concerned, it is the finish which counts most. Sauces, for instance. To use a substitute for an expensive main ingredient in a sauce seems to me a most stupid thing to do.

I well remember a friend who served cold salmon, beautifully cooked, with what she believed to be mayonnaise, made by herself. Actually, it was a cooked salad dressing. She realized that something was wrong—it was not as good as that served in her husband's favourite restaurant—but she did

not know what it was. It was easy enough to give her a recipe for the real thing but not so easy to convince her to follow it. No doubt she returned to her sure and easy salad dressing. Well, she is getting on in years and the position, therefore, is understandable.

Mayonnaise and Hollandaise sauces are the two classic ones and the easiest of all to make, though a little tricky. Once one understands their quirks, however, the rest is easy. Another good reason for making these basic sauces is that, with a little adaptation, they can be used to make other ones. Mayonnaise, with additions, can become Sauce Tartare or Remoulade, wonderful with cold meat and poultry and fried fish, or as a sauce for a shellfish cocktail.

There are a few points to remember. The oil and egg yolks must be of the same temperature. If the egg comes from the refrigerator and the oil from the store cupboard, they will not mix well. If a mixing machine is on hand, use the small bowl supplied with it.

To each egg yolk, allow a pinch of salt and a few grains of Cayenne pepper or freshly milled white pepper to taste. Measure into a drip bottle $\frac{3}{8}$ pint olive oil or, for a less flavoured one, maize oil or arachide (peanut) oil. A drip bottle is one with a cork with a nick cut down one side of it, allowing the oil to be added drop by drop.

Well mix the egg yolk and seasoning, then commence to add the oil, a drop at a time, whisking as fast as possible. When the mixture becomes really thick, add not more than a teaspoon of tarragon vinegar or lemon juice and beat well together. Continue with the oil, but, this time, in a thin steady stream. Finish with a teaspoon of boiling water. This is said to prevent the oil separating, as it tends to do when the sauce is left to stand for an hour or two overnight. I have always contended that it is better to make mayonnaise for the occasion rather than to store it. Refrigeration is not ideal for mayonnaise, but if it is stored in the cabinet, covered, then left to reach room temperature and quickly whisked, it can be made fairly smooth again.

The uses of mayonnaise, as mayonnaise, are known by most people. Those of Remoulade sauce are less well known. Make it this way:

To $\frac{1}{2}$ pint mayonnaise, add a dessertspoon each of chopped capers and gherkins, mixed herbs (including parsley, chervil and tarragon) and mustard, and a drop or two of anchovy essence. The chopped capers and gherkins should first be pressed in a linen cloth to extract all possible moisture, which otherwise would thin down the sauce too much.

This is the perfect sauce to serve with crayfish, fried white fish and grilled chicken.

Green sauce is the one to serve with plainly poached scampi and Pacific prawns, which I don't much care for but which others like very much.

Drop 1 oz. each of spinach and watercress and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each of parsley, chives and sorrel leaves into boiling water for 2 minutes. Drain and drop into cold water. Drain well again, then pound them and rub them through the finest possible sieve. Gradually beat them into $\frac{1}{2}$ pint very stiff mayonnaise and, finally, add a teaspoon of Worcester-shire sauce. Serve with cold fish and shellfish.

Escarole adds also $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. fresh pimpernel leaves—but I don't know where these can be obtained. A farming friend would be helpful here.

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